FADE UP ON A SKETCHPAD topped by a *Wocka-Wocka Toy Co.* LOGO. A HAND with a CHARCOAL CRAYON sweeps in, drawing.

INT. TOY FACTORY ARTIST'S STUDIO - DAY

DOZENS OF ARTISTS work side-by-side in cubicles, drawing, their SKETCHES human, alien, animal, vegetable, mineral… And as a handful of HEADLESS EXECS stroll by the sketches, discussing them, judging them, narrowing the field…

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

ROBOTIC ASSEMBLY LINES manufacture a number of prototypes, and as the finished products roll off the line, CUT TO:

INT. FOCUS GROUP ROOM - DAY

Doors burst open and a dozen ASIAN BOYS (age 5-10) rush in and start playing with the new toys as LAB-COATED TECHNICIANS observe and take notes on the sidelines.

Then, in a SERIES OF SHOTS, the process REPEATS until the toy field's narrowed to THREE FINALISTS, who find themselves alone in the room, waiting for the last round to start.

One of the toys, a half-man, half-alligator CREATURE turns to the tubby, queasy-looking DOG TOY sitting beside him.

MANNIGATOR
This is it! We're the final three!

RALPH-THE-REGURGITATING-DOG
Man, I'm nervous.

He UPCHUCKS a puddle of green SLIME, then sniffs it and laps it up again before turning to his disgusted opponents.

RALPH-THE-REGURGITATING-DOG
It's gross, I know. But kids love it.

But as the third finalist, a handsome SPACEMAN in silver-and-black galactic battle armor grins, cocky…

SPACEMAN
We'll just see about that.

…they FREEZE as the door flies open and three BOYS enter and grab a toy, each playing with it for a beat until…

ONE OF THE BOYS
WOW! Check it out!

The other two kids turn and GAPE NOW as the spaceman in silver and black shows his stuff, spouting phrases…

SPACEMAN (PRE-RECORD)
To *beyond* infinity and beyond…!

…zipping around on roller-feet…

THE BOYS
Cool--!

…and FIRING a barrage of (plastic) BB'S from his fists.

ALL THREE BOYS
Awesome!!

Ralph and the Mannigator hit the floor, abandoned, as the boys FIGHT over the spiffy sparkling spaceman.

THE THREE BOYS
Gimme! He's mine! I want him!

TECHNICIANS
OKAY! That's enough! THANK YOU!

And as they YANK the spaceman from the three kids' hands…

INT. WOCKA-WOCKA TOYS HQ - TRACK-LIT BOARDROOM - LATER

…a HEADLESS EXEC presents Daxx to the HEAD HEADLESS EXEC sitting at the head of a long conference table.

HEADLESS EXEC
We have a winner.

FEMALE HEADLESS EXEC
And the perfect solution to our emerging Buzz situation.

HEAD HEADLESS EXEC
Excellent. What are we calling him?

The Headless Exec hits a BUTTON on the action figure's chest.

SPACEMAN (PRE-RECORD)
I am Daxx Blastar of Star Command!

HEAD HEADLESS EXEC
Hello Daxx Blastar…

He swivels in his seat and gazes OUTSIDE where, on top of the Wocka-Wocka factory, there's a HUGE BILLBOARD OF BUZZ.

HEAD HEADLESS EXEC
And goodbye Buzz Lightyear…

And on that rather grim note… MUSIC FADES UP… a warm, happy Randy Newman tune, as we do a slow DISSOLVE INTO…

EXT. IDYLLIC SUBURBIA - DAY

…and the bucolic tree-lined street of the DAVIS HOME.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

A familiar sight filled with familiar faces. Various TOYS go about their daily routines, playing, visiting, chatting, etc.

IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL—- Sheriff WOODY walks his beat.

WOODY
Beautiful morning, eh Magic?

MAGIC 8-BALL (PRE-RECORDED)
"It is decidely so."

Woody passes a flock of BAA-ING SHEEP…

WOODY
Bo! How's one of my favorite peeps?

…and smiles at BO PEEP, staff in hand.

BO PEEP
Morning, Wood.

MRS. POTATO HEAD (O.S.)
Yoo-hoo! Sheriff Woody!

MRS. POTATO HEAD tries on a hat and shoes as ETCH-A-SKETCH ANIMATES her moving reflection, just like a mirror.

MRS. POTATO HEAD (cont'd)
Do these clothes make me look fattening?

WOODY
Like a shoestring potato, Mrs. Spud!

She turns to MR. POTATO HEAD, standing and watching nearby.

MRS. POTATO HEAD
See? Woody likes it. He has *taste*.

MR. POTATO HEAD
Oh brother.

And as he plucks his eyes out and rolls them her way…

MRS. POTATO HEAD
Don't you roll your eyes at me, Mister!

JESSIE (O.S.)
Yeee-haaa…!

JESS rides BULLSEYE in a figure-8 around BARRELS, rodeo-style.

WOODY
Attaboy Bullseye! Looking good, Jess!

JESSIE
Thanks, partner!

But as she BRUSHES a barrel and makes it wobble…

SCREECH! The lid pops open and a STRING OF MONKEYS, linked by arms and tails, LEAP OUT and make a run for it. Unfazed, Jess gallops and grabs the lead chimp, then SWINGS THE STRING OF SIMIANS like a lassoo and back into the barrel.

JESSIE
Yo-delay-hee-hooo!!

WHIZ! A foursome of BATTLING TOPS race by, bashing sides.

WOODY
Slow down, fellas! It’s just a game!

As the tops obey and slow down to a boring wobble, Woody stops and calls up to the top of the HOT WHEEL TRACK.

WOODY
Morning, Space Ranger!

BUZZ LIGHTYEAR, one foot on a chrome Camaro, salutes back.

BUZZ
Home-On-The-Ranger.

He pushes off and zips down and around the loop before landing and casually joining Woody on his stroll.

BUZZ (cont’d)
Tell me about this thing Andy’s going on, this field trip. Why would they make a bunch of kids go see a field?

WOODY
It’s just an expression, Buzz. Andy and his class are gonna live in an old Colonial Town for a week, to learn history. And since Mom’s a classroom volunteer, she and Moll are going too.

They stroll by Mom’s CANNISTER VACUUM CLEANER, gleaming in a corner of the room and surrounded by the SQUEEZE TOY ALIENS.

SQUEEZE TOY ALIEN #1
Greetings, oh vacuous one!

SQUEEZE TOY ALIEN #2
We hail from the vacuum called space!

WOODY
Careful, you kids! That's not a toy.

And as the scolded Aliens bum out and back off…

WOODY
And Andy's gonna catch it if he doesn't clean up like his Mom said.

BUZZ
Plus he hasn't finished packing.

They both eye Andy's SUITCASE, sitting open on the bed. One side's packed with clothes, the other side still empty.

WOODY (cont'd)
Boy, that new suitcase worries me. It's too big… too much room for toys.

BUZZ
And that's a problem?

WOODY
The more toys the more trouble. Seems like everytime we go anywhere someone gets misplaced, or gets borrowed by another kid, or something gets broken…

Suddenly, the SUPERBALL that WHEEZY was throwing to SLINKY DOG bounces their way. Buzz snags it, calls to Slink.

BUZZ
Go deep, boy!

Slink does, leaving his back feet in place but stretching his body to go long for the pass. Buzz cocks, fires…

ZING--! …and the throw is SO OFF-TARGET it's mind-boggling. The ball sails WAY OVER SLINKY'S HEAD, ricochets off the toy chest, hits a wall, the ceiling, then heads straight for…

A TEETERING PYRAMID OF ARMY MEN, holding their breath as the last soldier tries to complete a towering HOUSE OF CARDS.

SOLDIER
(turns, eyes wide)
Friendly fire--! Three O'Clock!

ZING--! THE WHOLE SHEBANG TOPPLES in fantastic fashion, leaving scores of soldiers on a card-filled floor. And as the ball rolls to a rest on the bed beside Andy's suitcase… Woody turns and deadpans to a blushing Buzz.

WOODY
Nice throw, Lightyear.

He moves on, and as Buzz's arm suddenly TWITCHES… (WTF?)

ATOP ANDY'S DESK—- HAMM and REX are busy using ANDY'S MAC as Woody hops up from the desk chair to join them.

WOODY
So guys, what's new in cyberspace?

ON THE SCREEN—- is a page from an auction site ("eBid". More specifically the "Items I'm Bidding On" page of Andy's Mom.)

HAMM
Good news and bad news. Bad news:
Andy's Mom is bidding on four items.

REX
Good news: None of them are toys!

WOODY
Way to stay ahead of the wave, gang.
Never know what Christmas will bring.

HAMM
That's the idea, Woodrow. Best
offense is a good defense.

REX
And speaking of defense…

He shoots an encouraging look to Hamm, egging him on.

HAMM
What do you think, Woody, if this year
we take a more… *active approach* to
handling the holiday season?

WOODY
I'm not sure I follow you, Hamm.

Behind them, Jess, Buzz and some others stroll up to watch.

HAMM
Well, it seems our boy Andy didn't
finish his last e-mail note to Granny.

REX
So we thought we'd finish it for him!

He clicks open a box to reveal an E-MAIL they're writing:
"FROM SPACECOWBOY" TO "GDAVIS1955" SUBJECT: CHRISMAS"

WOODY
(leans in, reading)
"Dear Grandma, I no its kind of early too talk about Chrismas but--
(scrolls down to reveal)
--all I want this year is books…"?!

JESSIE
Wee-dogs, that's perfect! No, wait--!

Jessie steps in and quickly taps out something.

JESSIE (cont'd)
"And Molly says she just wants clothes."
Now it's perfect! Send it, piglet!

But as the group starts to CHEER and hi-five…

WOODY
Hamm, get your hoof off that mouse! We can't send that e-mail. It's not right!

MR. POTATO HEAD
Woody, do you have mad cowboy disease? If we bang out ONE of those babies and spam it to every one of the kid's relatives-- BAM! All the stress and horror of the Season of Giving is gone!

REX
And we know Andy doesn't read enough, so it's really a win-win.

Woody's unfazed. He grabs the mouse, clicks on a trashcan…

COMPUTER VOICE
Mail… *deleted.*

THE GANG
Woody! Aww, c'mon! No!

WOODY
And I better not catch anyone forging another e-mail like that, or else.
(hops on Bullseye)
Let's go, boy.

And as the Sheriff rides off into a Lite-Brite sunset…

MR. POTATO HEAD
(sotto, to the others)
Or else *what*, Sheriff? You gonna run us all out of town?

MRS. POTATO HEAD
How come Woody always gets to make the decisions for all of us?

MR. POTATO HEAD
Yeah, who broke and made him Sheriff?

REXX
But… Woody's always been our leader.

MR. POTATO HEAD
I know that, walnut-brain! But <u>why</u>? Is it 'cause he's the toy that happened to come with a fake plastic badge?

As the Potato Heads, Rexx, Hamm, and Jess all commiserate… Buzz steps up to defend his best friend.

BUZZ
I don't think you toys realize what's involved with keeping this little bedroom community up and running. So until you've walked a foot in Woody's boots, you should show him your support.

HAMM
Yeah? Well, let's see how supportive you are when Grandma runs out and buys Andy a new Daxx Blastar doll.

BUZZ
A Daxx what?

HAMM
Andy got some junk-mail about an hour ago, from Wocka-Wocka.com.

BUZZ
That names sounds familiar…

MRS. POTATO HEAD
It should. You've got it stamped across your tight-rear, Lightyear.

MR. POTATO HEAD
(shoots her a look)
Been checking out his rear, have you?

MRS. POTATO HEAD
Why not? He's in good shape. And yours would be tight too if you weren't such a Mister Couch Potato…

Hamm clicks on Andy's inbox, pulls the piece of mail up.

HAMM
Here, take a look.

BUZZ
(leans in, reading)
“Coming soon to a store near you…”

JESSIE
“…from *beyond* infinity and beyond…”

BUZZ
What a joke! Everyone knows there’s no *beyond* infinity and beyond.

JESSIE
…it’s Daxx Blastar of Star Command—-!“

REX
(points to link in mail)
Click that, Hamm! Let’s see a picture!

Hamm does, but instead a MESSAGE APPEARS: “Image Coming Soon”

BUZZ
No mugshot. What’s that about?

HAMM
Maybe he’s so new he’s not complete yet.

JESSIE
That, or they want to create a buzz.

Slinky ambles up.

SLINKY
Who wants to create a Buzz?

REX
The people that created Buzz.

SLINKY
Thanks for pointing that out, Rex.

HAMM
Says he’s totally loaded with gadgets.

BUZZ
Oh, please. Anyone’ll tell you, it’s the not the equipment, it’s how you use it. Observe.

Buzz starts hitting all his buttons—- blurting his sayings, making his helmet go up and down, his laser beam fire, wings pop out and back, arm karate-chop, and as the demo ends…

BUZZ
And if that's not enough, let's see if *Duck Blisters* can do a little some-thing we in the industry like to call…
(runs and LEAPS from desk)
FALLING WITH STYLE!

Buzz flips, twists, and LANDS feet-first on a WHIFFLE-BALL LAUNCHER. TWOING! He BACKFLIPS UP and then grabs…

A SPINNING MOBILE (of the universe), where he sits and swings from Saturn's ring like a Buzz-bee Berkeley babe.

ON THE DESK-- the awestruck toys watch Buzz's aerial ballet…

TOYS
Ooooh…

…as does WOODY, still atop Bullseye on the floor below.

BACK TO BUZZ-- riding the mobile around as the desk comes back into view. Then he hits a button, DEPLOYS HIS WINGS, times his release perfectly, and as he falls with style and starts to GLIDE GRACEFULLY BACK from whence he came…

HIS WINGS SUDDENLY RETRACT, catching him-- and every toy in the room who's watching him-- fully by surprise.

BUZZ
Huh?

There's a COLLECTIVE GASP from the toys below and then…
BUZZ DROPS LIKE A STONE, flailing as he plummets toward--

ANDY'S BED, where he lands so hard the impact makes the SUPERBALL bounce off the bed, ricochet around, and hit…
THE "ON" SWITCH of the VACUUM, which instantly ROARS TO LIFE.

BUZZ
Oops.

WOODY
Aw, no…

BACK TO THE VAC-- as it HOSE WHIPS AROUND and heads right for the clueless/fearless Squeeze Toy Aliens.

THE SQUEEZE TOYS ALIENS
Rejoice!

SQUEEZE TOY ALIEN #2
We have been chosen!

FPP-FPP-FPP! *Up the hose they go!* Mrs. P-Head screams—

MRS. POTATO HEAD
My babies!

--then faints in Bo's arms as the CHAOS CONTINUES:

SHOOOP! The hose rakes across "The Game of Life", sucking up cash and cars filled with tiny pink'n'blue "peg people." SHOOOK! TROLL DOLL'S HAIR get swallowed, followed by her. WHOOSH! The vac cleans out a BARREL OF MONKEYS, each screeching simian dragging the next one down the tube. FFFP--! WHOLE PLATOONS OF ARMY MEN instantly go MIA.

SARGE
Retreat! Retreat!

Woody LEAPS to the floor and SQUARES OFF with the hissing, flexing, serpent-like hose. But then it strikes-- THWOCK! --and grabs Woody's leg, swallowing it to the thigh.

WOODY (CONT'D)
Buzz?! Jess?! Little help please?!

Buzz and Jessie rush over and yank Woody free. Only now-- HIS BOOT is gone, vacuum-fodder. He eyes his stocking-foot…

WOODY (CONT'D)
The darn thing ate my BOOT!

…and Jessie turns to Buzz, yells over the roaring Vac.

JESSIE
<u>You</u> got us into this mess, spaceboy…!

BUZZ
<u>And</u> I'll get us out!
(strikes the pose)
Buzz Lightyear to the resc--

But as his WINGS open/close in spasmodic succession and his LASER fires at will, a distracted Buzz lets his guard down.

JESSIE/WOODY
Buzz, look out--!

FFFFP--! The hose snags Buzz from behind, grabbing him by the top of his helmet and lifting him off his feet before POUNDING him repeatedly against the hardwood, WWF-style.

WOODY, BO AND OTHERS
Oooh…!

BUZZ
Got him right where I want him!

Jessie's eyes narrow. She turns to Bullseye, WHISTLES…

JESSIE
C'mon boy! Let's ride!

Bullseye nods and gallops her way, Jessie LEAPING and hopping on him at full-stride. She zigs and zags past the serpentining house, and then…

JESSIE
Yeeeee-haaaaaa--!!!

…she LEAPS from the back of Bullseye and lands directly on the roaring chrome CANNISTER, where she combat crawls until she's maybe an arm's length away from the switch.

JESSIE
So long, sucker!

She KICKS the SWITCH with her boot and SHUTS OFF THE VAC. The room CHEERS, and as Woody flashes Jess a thumbs up…

SARGE
Rescue and recovery! Let's roll!

Soldiers SWARM the disabled vac, four soldiers hopping on top and using a lincoln log (in a very Iwo-Jima-like pose) to pry open the spring-loaded cannister lid. A beat, and…

OUT THEY COME-- screeching monkeys, beleaguered army men, Troll Doll, her blonde mane now crumb-encrusted DREADLOCKS.

The Squeeze Toy Aliens hop out, heads and bodies imploded from the vacuum. They suck in some air, "pop" back to shape…

SQUEEZE TOY ALIEN #1
(rubbing his three eyes)
Oooh… I'm seeing single!

…and one of them holds up some pink and blue "peg people."

SQUEEZE TOY ALIEN #2
"Life" flashed before our eyes!

SQUEEZE TOY ALIEN #3
Again! Go again!

MR. POTATO HEAD
Hey! Didn't I warn you kids about talking to strange appliances?!

MRS. POTATO HEAD
(rushing up, arms out)
C'mere, my little bubbleheads and give your Momma Spud a hug!

As they all merge into a dusty group-hug…

ATOP THE VACUUM—- Hamm eyes the dreaded on/off switch.

HAMM
Y'know, the feather-touch feature on this switch is ill-conceived. They oughta *recall* this back to the factory.

MRS. POTATO HEAD
(covers kids' ears, mad)
Can you PLEASE not use the "R" word around my children, you pig?

heading for Buzz, who's by himself now, over by Andy's bed.

WOODY
Buzz? You okay?

BUZZ
(lying)
Affirmative. Why?

WOODY
Well, it's just that you seem a little… out of sorts. Not yourself.

BUZZ
(getting defensive)
What's your point, cowboy?

WOODY
Just that… well, normally you're the troubleshooter, not the trouble maker…

BUZZ
Thanks for your concern, Woody. But I really don't need anyone wondering if—-

He suddenly INTERRUPTS HIMSELF with a pre-recorded OUTBURST.

BUZZ (PRE-RECORDED)
"This is an intergalactic emergency!"

He covers his mouth, stunned by his Tourettes-like outburst.

BUZZ (cont'd)
Because it's nothing of the sort, okay?

WHAM! Buzz's right arm KARATE-CHOPS HIMSELF IN THE FACE.

BUZZ (cont'd)
(swearing)
Sun of andromeda!

Woody squints. What was *that*? WHAM-WHAM! Twice now.

BUZZ (cont'd)
Moons of Uranus!

WOODY
Buzz…?

WHAM-WHAM-WHAM! Three face-slaps. Buzz uses his good arm to CLOSE HIS HELMET, his plastic shield dropping and absorbing the blows. He grins, proud, taunts his bad arm…

BUZZ (cont'd)
How do ya like that, tough guy?

…but then his rogue hand hits the helmet button, opens it, and proceeds to bitch-slap Buzz some more. WHAM-WHAM-WHAM!

Buzz tries a Dr. Strangelove move, using his good arm to wrestle-down the bad one, the ensuing struggle dropping him first to his knees, then to the floor, and as Woody watches, stunned-- BAM-BAM-BAM! Buzz hits the hardwood so hard that--

TOING! HIS HAND FLIES OFF AT THE WRIST AND SKITTERS UNDER ANDY'S BED. Woody GASPS. Buzz STARES IN SHOCK. They look around-- no one else saw-- and as Woody pulls Buzz into the shadows beneath the bed, Buzz eyes his pointy handless stump.

BUZZ
Well, this is a first.

WOODY
Your HAND flew off, Buzz!

BUZZ
Relax, Woody. I'm sure we can fix it.
(beat, looking around)
Assuming we can find it.

JESSIE (O.S.)
Woody--?

Woody whirls-- dammit, here come Jess and Bullseye.

WOODY
Hang on, Jess! Be right there!

He looks around, panicked, then-- YES! --he finds the hand.

WOODY
(tosses it to Buzz, sotto)
See if it'll snap on, I'll stall her--!

Woody casually emerges from under the bed, approaches Jessie.

WOODY
What's up, cowgirl? Whaddya need?

JESSIE
Oh, I was just wondering if you might know somebody who'd be missing their…
(holds up his BOOT, winks)
…Sheriff Woody boot?

WOODY
(takes it, forced laugh)
Yep, that's mine, all-righty, uh-huh…

He flips it over, dumps out an old Cheerio, and as he pulls it on and continues to give her the bum-rush…

WOODY
…thanks for stopping by, see ya--

JESSIE
(looks beyond him, to bed)
Wait! What's up with Buzz?

WOODY
Which Buzz? Our Buzz?

JESSIE
'Course our Buzz! Actually, forget him, what's up with YOU, Mr. Shifty? Why you acting so funny about Buzz?

WOODY
(acting funny)
I'm not-- Buzz is good, Buzz is fine, but it's funny you think I'm acting funny, so hey, what's wrong with <u>you</u>?

Suddenly, BUSTER starts to BARK O.S.

WOODY (cont'd)
Uh-oh! Buster's warning bark! Mike--! Sound the alarm!

MIKE THE MIC (AMPLIFIED)
Andy alert! Andy alert!

JESSIE
Back to your last positions, people!

SARGE
Move! Move! Move!

CHAOS ensues as toys scurry and scatter about the room: HAMM falls on his side and pops his plug, spilling coins. BULLSEYE runs and freezes by a trail of Playdoh road apples. REX runs to the ruins of a Lego-City, surrounded by soldiers. THE POTATO HEADS dive beside a tile-covered *Scrabble* board. Mr. P-H pops an eye out and places it between a "P" and "G."

UNDER THE BED—- Buzz pops his hand back on; it seems to work. But as he turns to go, Woody grabs his arm, spins him.

WOODY
Buzz—- I think you should stay here.

BUZZ
What? Andy's gonna pack for his trip!
If I stay down here, he won't find me!

WOODY
Right, which is a good thing
considering the shape you're in!

BUZZ
(holds up hand)
But Woody, I'm fine now, see?!
(jerks from his grasp)
And you're not the boss of me!

And as he runs off to wherever Andy last left him…

WOODY
Buzz---!

ANDY DAVIS bolts into his room-- which is now A TOTAL MESS, just the way he left it. He runs around the room, picking up toys-- *including Buzz*-- and dropping them onto his bed as ANDY'S MOM comes down the hallway, holding MOLLY on her hip.

ANDY'S MOM
How's it going, my li'l minuteman--
(looks around, agape)
Andy, this room is a DISASTER! And
you haven't even touched the vacuum.

ANDY
(shrugs, sheepish)
I… plugged it in.

ANDY'S MOM
Never mind. Are you all packed?

ANDY
My clothes are, but not my toys.

ANDY'S MOM
Oh, honey, toys aren't allowed.

ANDY
What?!

ANDY'S MOM
You're supposed to be living in 1776.
They didn't have your toys back then.

Andy's mom folds up and locks his suitcase.

ANDY
Aw, Mommmm, can't I just bring… one?
(looks around, then picks up)
Just Buzz?!

ANDY'S MOM
I said NO. Now c'mon, it's time to go…

She takes Andy's suitcase and heads out to the hall. Andy sighs, raises Buzz to eye-level to give him the news, and…

ANDY
Sorry pal. Guess you're staying here.

…what happens next happens in the blink of an eye: Buzz's bad arm CHOPS AGAIN, his FIST FLIES OFF, and then the pointy end of the stump rakes by again and SCRATCHES ANDY'S FACE.

ANDY (cont'd)
Owwww--!!

He DROPS BUZZ and BOLTS for the hallway, holding his cheek.

ANDY (cont'd)
Mooommmm---!!! Buzz scratched me--!

ANDY'S MOM (O.S.)
What?! How did that happen?

ANDY (O.S.)
I don't know! It just did!

Buzz, on his back, reaches over for his severed hand, which he quickly places back on his pointy stump.

ANDY'S MOM (O.S.)
(as they leave, trailing off)
Well, it doesn't look too bad. C'mon, we'll get a band-aid and then if we don't get going we'll miss the bus…!

Once they're gone, Buzz sits up, looks around, and sees: EVERY TOY IN THE ROOM IS NOW GLARING AT HIM, MAD.

BUZZ
What? It was an accident. My hand just kind of popped off, see?

He pulls his HAND off his wrist like pulling a dagger from a scabbard, and as the toys GASP at the sight of his pointy stump, FREAKED-- Buzz reacts coolly to their freaking.

BUZZ
Wow. There is something seriously wrong with you people.
(puts hand back on wrist)
So I'm gonna give you a few moments to get a grip, compose yourselves, and when you're all ready to apologize, I will be waiting inside of my ship.

He turns and marches off toward his cardboard box. And as Jessie, Woody, and others trade worried looks, DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - HIS DESKTOP - LATER THAT DAY

Hamm tap away at the keyboard, Jess, Rex, Woody by his side.

JESSIE
Maybe it's not that serious.

REX
Maybe it's something we can fix ourselves-- like when we all get together to untangle Slinky!

HAMM
Unfortunately Rex, even though Buzz may act and look incredibly simple, inside he's a rather complex individual.

WOODY
And there's a lot going on. His wings… his laser… his karate chop action…

Suddenly, Buzz's VOICE booms from his box across the room.

BUZZ (O.S., PRE-RECORDED)
To infin--(skipping) fin-fin-fin-fin—
(WHACK! HITS HIMSELF)
--ity and beyon-n-n-n-n-n-n—n (WHACK!)

JESSIE
Seems like everything's on the fritz.

Hamm finishes surfing the Wocka website. Turns to them.

HAMM
Well there's nothing on-line here. But in this humble hog's opinion, given that he has system-wide problems, it's a control issue. Which means he's gonna need a new chip.

WOODY
A chip. Great. How do we get one?

HAMM
We don't-- only the factory has 'em. And even if we somehow got one, we'd still need special tools to fix him.

JESSIE
So whaddya think we should tell Buzz?

WOODY
That's the biggest problem. You can't tell him anything, he's so in denial.

REX
Well we gotta do *something* to help him…

And as they trade somber looks, knowing what they must do…

INT. BUZZ'S SPACESHIP/BOX - LATER (DUSK)

Buzz sits in his cardboard container, reading INSTRUCTIONS on his box lid by the light of his built-in laser…

BUZZ
"For repairs, contact Wocka-Wocka Toy Company, Taipei, *Taiwan*, Republic of…
(stunned, sotto)
China"…?!

He peers out the "windshield" of his spaceship/box to the GLOBE on Andy's desk, the western hemisphere facing him.

BUZZ (cont'd)
That's clear on the other side of Andy's globe! Negative, not an option.
(pulls out roll of SCOTCH TAPE)
Well, I say there's nothing a little *scotch* can't fix until Andy comes back and can get me to the toy repairman…

WOODY (APPROACHING, O.S.)
Buzz? Hellooooo?

Buzz hesitates… gives a curty reply.

BUZZ
Yes, Woody?

WOODY (O.S., cont'd)
Just thought I'd see how you're doing. And to tell you I think we may have found a way to fix your haywire hand…

Buzz perks up a little. Maybe he's not such a pariah. He puts the tape down, peeks through his box flap, and… There's Jessie. And Woody. And a DOZEN OTHER TOYS.

BUZZ
What the--?

JESSIE
Jump him!

MUSCLEMAN ROCKY grabs him by the helmet and YANKS him out. And as a dozen MORE TOYS TACKLE BUZZ, and the shadow of Sheriff WOODY falls across the struggling spaceman's face…

WOODY
Sorry, pal! But we can't risk you mal-functioning and hurting someone else!

The toys ROLL BUZZ IN BUBBLE PAD and start taping it up as Buzz the bubble-pad-burrito looks up at his friend, stunned.

BUZZ
What is this?! It was an ACCIDENT!

WOODY
NO, Buzz. Accidents just happen, but this was TOTALLY AVOIDABLE. And I TOLD you to stay away from Andy!

BUZZ
It wasn't on purpose! You know that!

WOODY
Yes, but you can't control it, Buzz, which makes you a *danger*! Do we have to spell it out for you?

Suddenly, MR. SPELL steps out from the crowd.

MR. SPELL
D-A-N--

WOODY
(whirls, snaps at him)
You're not helping, Mr. Spell!
(whirls, calls to Buzz)
Don't worry, Buzz! You'll be fixed and shipped back here in no time!

BUZZ
Woody, this is CRAZY! Wait--!

TOO LATE. Buzz is shoved into a box and as Bullseye and Rockey DRAG it over toward Andy's desk…

HAMM
Bring the tape and paper over, pronto!

Sarge and Men drag BUTCHER PAPER and TAPE over like a gang of Army ants as, at the MAC, Rex types and fills out a SHIPPING FORM, Hamm supervising over his shoulder.

REX
What's the name of the place again?

HAMM
Taipei!

Rex types an "A", turns back again.

REX
Then what?

HAMM
Not "A"! It starts with a "T"--!

REX
Then why'd you say "Type A"?!

And as the box, now wrapped and taped in butcher paper, gets a just-printed PACKING SLIP slapped on its side that reads: *"Wocka Wocka Toy Co. - 40 Tsim Sha Tsui, TAIPEI, TAIWAN"…*

WOODY
(yelling to Buzz in box)
BUZZ--! Relax! You're gonna get shipped, fixed, and shipped back here again before Andy even gets back!

BUZZ (O.S.)
(muffled, inside box)
Please don't do this to me! WOODEEE…!

And as Woody turns to Jess, both of 'em bummed, DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DAVIS HOME - FRONT YARD - THE NEXT MORNING

A FED-UPS GUY scans the box curbside, loads it in his TRUCK.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - AT THE WINDOW - SAME

Woody and gang watch as the Fed-Up truck pull away.

WOODY
Godspeed, Buzz Lightyear.

SLINKY DOG
Well, I'm sure glad that's over with.

JESSIE
Me too. Stuffing Buzz in that box was rougher than elbows on an armadillo.

Rex and Potato Head are playing a game of “Operation” on the floor, Rex trying to carefully remove some lame visual pun.

REX
Well it had to be done. And who knows? Maybe Buzz’ll like getting a new chip!

MR. POTATO HEAD
Oh yeah, surgery’s a blast--

ZZZZZAPPP--! Rex lights up the patient’s nose…

MR. POTATO HEAD (cont’d)
--Rex Moron, MD.

WOODY
Hey, do you think if we went on the FED-UPS website, we could track him?

HAMM
Absolutely. Just let me check today’s top stories and banking news and then—- HOLY TWICE COOKED PORK!

ON HIS SCREEN—- is an MSN-like website and the headline: *POPULAR TOY* ***RECALLED*** beside a video icon (“Click to Watch”).

HAMM (cont’d)
Some big-shot toy is the “r” word!

The gang GASPS. All of them looking immediately worried.

REX
It’s me, it’s me, I just know it’s me!

MR. POTATO HEAD
What’s wrong with you?

REX
I have a chronic personality disorder! Look at me, I’m a nervous Rex!

Hamm clicks on the video, it quickly loads, and then— The group GASPS again as an image of BUZZ appears, and…

BUSINESS REPORTER (V.O.)
He’s the world’s most famous action figure but now this popular Space Ranger is being called a Space… *danger.*

JESSIE
Land sakes! It’s Buzz!

ON THE MONITOR: The image cuts to a MONTAGE of kids (much like Andy) happily playing with their beloved Buzz dolls.

BUSINESS REPORTER (V.O.)
Find any boy on this big blue marble of ours and chances are you'll find him too: Buzz Lightyear of Star Command.

A KID pushes a button on Buzz.

BUZZ (PRE-RECORDED)
To infinity and beyond!

BUSINESS REPORTER (V.O.)
A worthy destination, but infinity will have to wait as this super-selling spaceman will be heading instead to…

CUT TO A SHOT OF THE FACTORY—- high-tech with a BIG BILLBOARD OF BUZZ sharing the rooftop with "WOCKA-WOCKA TOY CO."

BUSINESS REPORTER
…his manufacturer in Taipei, Taiwan, where they've issued a global recall following malfunctions that have lead to a number of injuries, including…

THE IMAGE CUTS to a malfunctioning Buzz behaving erratically.

BUSINESS REPORTER (V.O.)
Poked eyes, scratched skin, the potential to swallow a loose part…

BOING! A Buzz's FIST flies off, just like our Buzz's did.

BUSINESS REPORTER (V.O.)
And in Chicago, investigators are looking into whether the wings of a broken Buzz may have knocked over a candle and triggered last week's ten-alarm blaze, the city's most dramatic fire since Miss O'Leary had a cow.

Cut to a TOWERING INFERNO, lighting up the Chicago night.

OUR TOYS
Woah…

BUSINESS REPORTER
(now holding a Buzz in hand)
Anyone owning the doll should check the Wocka-Wocka website in coming days for instructions on how to send your broken Buzz back to the factory, where they'll be promptly REPLACED, free of charge. Reporting for Business.com—-

WHAP! Buzz KARATE-CHOPS the reporter's nose.

BUSINESS REPORTER (cont'd)
OWW! STUPID DOLL! CUT PLEASE! CUT--!

Hamm "x's" out the box. The toys just stare, numb.

JESSIE
Did they say Buzz would be "replaced…?"

REX
Oh no--! What have we done?

MRS. POTATO HEAD
I'll tell you what we've done! We just let "Marshall Law" here send our Buzz to infinity and the great beyond!

MR. POTATO HEAD
Well, I guess you'll never have to worry about Buzz being Andy's favorite toy ever again, eh Woody?

HAMM
(beat, suspicious)
If that's your *real* name.

WOODY
(a beat, then)
Have you all gone MAD?! Next to Andy, Buzz was-- I mean *is*-- my best friend! And I'm not gonna sit here playing some crazy blame-game when we <u>should</u> all be finding a way to go save him!

This sobers the crowd.

SLINKY DOG
But it's too late, he's already gone!

WOODY
Hamm, can we ship another box?

HAMM
Woodrow, as long as that FED-UPS number we took from Al's Toy Barn stays valid, we can ship worldwide, *ad infinitum*.

WOODY
(beat, eyeing the Mac screen)
Good--! 'Cause if I'm not mistaken, they also offer TWO-DAY AIR, which'll get us there the same day as Buzz!

HAMM
And all on Mister Chicken's nickel!

JESSIE
Let's hop to it, gang! We've got ourselves a Fed-Ups plane to catch!

A little travelin' MUSIC UP NOW over the following MONTAGE:

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Toys and a yellow TONKA TRUCK dump dozens of rolled-up WADS and strips of NEWSPAPER into the still-sideways box. The box is tipped upright and hoisted atop Andy's desk.

ON THE MAC-- Hamm prints some pages from a Chinese Visitors Bureau Website: "PRACTICAL PHRASES FOR TRAVELERS".

ON A SHELF OVER THE DESK-- the posse-toys, Jessie, Bullseye, Rex, Mr. Potato Head, Slinky, and Hamm wave goodbye to the cheering toys before they drop, one-by-one, into the box's paper-wad pile like kids jumping into a pool full of balls.

Bo kisses Woody for luck, and as he blushes, hops in, then CLOSES THE FLAPS which Troll, Bo, and the Army men seal…

LENNY hops up and down excitedly by the window sill because…
LENNY'S BINOC POV: …a FED-UPS van's coming down the street!

Every available toy puts a shoulder to the box, moving it across the desktop. And as Bo finishes writing "FRAGILE"…
THE TOYS PUSH THE DARN BOX OUT THE SECOND-FLOOR WINDOW.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

WHAM! It LANDS HARD on the back of an awaiting RED WAGON, the Radio-Flyer rolling down the slightly-sloped yard to…

THE CURB, where it comes to a stop right beside the walkway and mailbox *just* as the Van pulls up, and from there CUT TO:

A FED-UPS JET, winging its way over TAIPEI, TAIWAN, its harbor and impressive skyline glistening in the morning sun.

ON AN AIRPORT TARMAC-- the JET taxis to the FED-UPS terminal.
AT THE TERMINAL-- FREIGHT PALLETS roll down conveyors to--
A WAREHOUSE, where they're scanned, sorted, and loaded onto:

DELIVERY VANS… one of them winding its way through the crowded, narrow urban streets, eventually arriving at…

EXT. THE WOCKA-WOCKA TOY FACTORY

…and a LOADING DOCK outside Shipping and Receiving.

INT. THE FACTORY - RECEIVING - DAY

Hundreds of boxes come and go, including BUZZ'S BOX, which is SLICED down the middle by a WORKER with a boxcutter.

Light hits Lightyear's face for the first time in days. The worker pulls him out and twists a WIRE TAG with a **red** "R" around Buzz's neck before dropping him onto a CONVEYOR BELT.

INT. FACTORY - MOVING WITH BUZZ ON THE CONVEYOR BELT

It's just us toys now, so Buzz sits up and looks around.

BUZZ'S POV: The toy factory is HUGE and highly automated, the majority of work and manufacturing achieved using robotic assembly lines and their system of conveyors.

Then Buzz looks up and marvels at the impressive AIR TUBE TRANSPORT (ATT) NETWORK running through the factory, essentially an air-tight VACUUM SYSTEM that sends CLEAR ACRYLIC CAPSULES filled with everything from TOY PARTS to TOOLS to MEMOS through a suction-superhighway of tubes.

The conveyor Buzz is on runs up alongside ANOTHER CONVEYOR BELT, and suddenly Buzz finds himself face-to-face with:

ZURG (PRE-RECORDED, MENACING)
Buzz Lightyear--!

Buzz turns to see ZURG on the conveyor beside him, looking menacing with his evil flashing eyes and ball-shooter.

ZURG
Zurg--!

ZURG (PRE-RECORDED, MENACING)
Are you ready to meet your maker?!

He OPENS HIS HELMET to reveal a pink and pruny, baby FACE.

ZURG (cont'd)
(think Shelly Berman)
I know I am. Feel like I'm dying here.

He HACKS, smacks a fist against his console/chest, then offers his hand to Buzz to shake (which he does).

ZURG (cont'd)
I'm Zurg Feldman, favorite toy of Zach Feldman who, not to brag, is the best 9-year-old boy in Skokie. That is…
(another HACK)
…when he doesn't forget and leave me outside in the rain. Now I got trouble with my voice, my blinkers…

His BALL-SHOOTER suddenly fires, Buzz ducking an orb.

ZURG (cont'd)
…my balls.

BUZZ
My kid's name is Andy. Only, I'm not here because of anything he did…

WHAM-WHAM-WHAM! Buzz karate-chops his helmet a few times.

BUZZ (cont'd)
I guess I have some… control issues.

ZURG
Hey, how come you got a red "R" thingy 'round your neck? What's that about?

BUZZ
I guess "R" must mean "repair", right?

ZURG
Maybe, but I'm here to be repaired. So how come I don't have an "R" too?

The conveyors start to separate again, diverging.

BUZZ
(yells as they separate)
Beats me! But either way, we're gonna get fixed! And who knows? Maybe the two of us will end up on the same flight home! Good luck, Zurg Feldman!

ZURG
Back at ya, Lightyear--!

And as Zurg and other R-less toys disappear 'round a bend, Buzz turns and looks up ahead to the track he's on, where--

A few other unsuspecting "R" toys enjoy the ride, including a (sorta creepy) CLOWN DOLL, who CHUCKLES and HONKS hello.

Buzz waves back, then watches as-- SNAP! An automated spring-loaded CLAMP pins clowny down to the speeding belt.

BUZZ
Huh?

As they round a bend, Buzz sees why. Coming fast is--

"THE SMASHER"-- an anvil-like ELECTROMAGNET that CRUSHES any toy beneath it to bits and simultaneously collects any SCRAP METAL while leaving what's left (fabric, plastic, clown hair) to tumble off the conveyor into a DUMPSTER.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Buzz watches wide-eyed as one recalled toy after another gets pounded to pieces, including—-

Mr. Clown, who gives one last CHUCKLE and HONK before his defective carny-ass is smashed to smithereens. Buzz winces--

BUZZ
What the--?!!

--then deploys his WINGS, just in time to deflect and delay the clamp long enough for him to ROLL OFF the speeding belt.

Buzz SKITTERS across the smooth floor and ducks behind some machinery, where he watches more “R” toys meet the smasher.

BUZZ
(stunned, sotto)
What kind of a place is this…?!

He looks around. The only humans in sight are in a glass CONTROL BOOTH on a catwalk above the machinery. So…

Buzz bolts, running beneath the “Recalled” conveyor and darting across the factory floor, around various machines, dodging and ducking and staying out of sight until he leaps and grabs a hanging CHAIN and swings Apeman-style over to—-

THE CONVEYOR Zurg Feldman was on, where he runs from toy to toy, desperately trying to warn them.

BUZZ
Jump or you’ll be destroyed! Run!
Hide! They’re smashing us to bits!

The toys start to run up and down the conveyor in a panic.

VARIOUS OTHER TOYS
Smashing us? Who?! Where?!

Buzz turns to a broken-armed MOMMA DOLL (with infant)—-

BUZZ
I’ll hold your child while you jump!

He snatches her baby away. It BAWLS. Mom FREAKS.

MOMMA DOLL
Help! Help! Baby snatcher!

She starts BASHING Buzz with her one good arm, and as other toys come to her rescue and join in the pummeling…

A CRAYON-SHAPED CONTAINER (with a face, arms, legs, etc. and sporting a broken latch) points a gloved-hand and yells:

CRAYON-CONTAINER DOLL
Human being! Twelve o'clock!

They all flop'n'freeze as—-

AT THE END OF THE CONVEYOR—- a WORKER takes toys off the belt and sorts them/drops them into numbered plastic TUBS.

The Momma and baby get a tub, Crayon-Doll gets a tub, but before the Worker can see the (recalled) Buzz Lightyear--

A BELL RINGS and the conveyor belt lurches to a halt. The Worker whoops, grabs his thermos/lunch box, and as he exits… An angry mob of toys surround Chicken Little Lightyear.

CRAYON CONTAINER-DOLL
What's your problem, Space Ranger?

MOMMA DOLL
You think it's funny, causing a riot?

Zurg Feldman pushes his way through the crowd.

ZURG FELDMAN
Lightyear--? That you?

BUZZ
Zurg! You're not smashed, that's great! There was this thing-- it was huge-- pounding every toy in sight!

RALPH THE REGURGITATING DOG (O.S.)
Not *every* toy…

There's that toy dog Ralph again, inside a glass DISPLAY CASE on a wall and marked "Runner-Up".

RALPH THE REGURGIATING DOG
…just toys wearing the "scarlet" letter.

CRAYON-CONTAINER DOLL
It's really more of a Burnt Sienna.

Buzz looks around. He's the only "R" tag wearer in sight.

BUZZ
"R" means I'm getting repaired… right?

A (broken) MR. SPELL steps into frame.

A BROKEN MR. SPELL
R-O-N-G, wrong, Lightyear.

RALPH THE REGURGITATING DOG
Someone clearly didn't get the memo.

Buzz looks around—- *wtf?*—- but then spies, on a nearby wall:

HIS PICTURE, alongside those of various other toys (e.g. the clown just smashed to bits). The memos all look like bounty posters, only instead of "Wanted" above their pictures it's:

BUZZ
Recalled…?

RALPH-THE-REGURGITATING DOG
Yep. You and the million other Buzz's being shipped here to meet their maker.

Buzz's expression turns to fiery resolve.

BUZZ
Well make that a million-minus-one, because this Buzz Lightyear's hopping the next box back to the U.S. of A!

He hops from the belt to the factory floor below.

ZURG FELDMAN
Buzz, don't be *meshugenah*! You're a Recall Toy! You can't just go shlepping around the factory…!

RALPH-THE-REGURGITATING DOG
If any worker sees you, it's… KA-BAM!

BUZZ
Exactly why I'm busting out of here. And mark my word, when I do get home…
(eyes narrowing, w/resolve)
A certain toy's gonna wish he was stuffed in a box and sent off to China.

And from Buzz's cold look of determination, CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF DOWNTOWN TAIPEI, TAIWAN - DAY

A FED-UPS VAN slaloms through heavy traffic, then skids to a halt outside a business. The Driver leaves it running as he grabs a curbside package, rolls up the van's back door…

INT. VAN STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

…and DROPS the heavy box on top of a teetering stack of boxes, including a severely CRUSHED BOX at the very bottom, the only package clearly marked "Fragile!" And as the guy rolls the door down and the truck lurches back into traffic…

OUR TOYS (O.S., IN THE BOX)
Owwww…

INT. THE BOX - CONTINUOUS

The box's increasingly-cozy interior, lit by the flashlight in Woody's hand, reveals half-a-dozen haggard looking toys, Mr. Potato Head pushing the caved in "ceiling" off his head.

MR. POTATO HEAD
I told you writing "Fragile" on it was a mistake! It's the shipping equivalent of wearing a "Kick Me" sign!

REX
(rooting around in papers)
Woody, can I have the flashlight? I finally found a shred I haven't read.

WOODY
(handing light over)
Pass it down, Hamm.

Hamm looks up from the "Chinese phrases" printout.

HAMM
Ah, *wai so dim…*?

WOODY
Hamm, you know I don't speak chinese.

HAMM
I meant the flashlight. Why so dim?

JESSIE
(looks up, concerned)
Oh no! Do you think it's dying?

MR. POTATO HEAD
I know I am-- of boredom!

SLINKY DOG
Well, someone packed extras, right?

Everyone looks around. Nope. Jessie starts to freak.

JESSIE (cont'd)
Are you kidding me?! How're we gonna see in here if the light goes out?!

Woody eyes the fast-fading light with concern.

WOODY
We'll just have to save the batteries. Turn it off for a while.

JESSIE
Don't you dare, Woody! You promised!

WOODY
I know, but Jess we're gonna need--

She SNATCHES the flickering, yellowing flashlight away.

JESSIE (cont'd)
LISTEN! I spent nigh on 20 years in a pitch-black box-- and if that light goes out in here, I swear I'll… I'll…

If finally winks out, plunging them in complete DARKNESS.

INT. FED-UPS VAN - CONTINUOUS

JESSE (O.S., IN BOX)
HIII-YAAAAAAHHH…!

A doll-size FIST punches through the side of the crushed box. Then Jess squeezes her head through and starts to climb out.

WOODY (O.S.)
Jess-- what're you doing?!

JESSIE
I can't take it no more!

In a flash she's out of the box and grabbing the LATCH/STRAP attached to the rear rolling door. She YANKS ON IT…

JESSIE (cont'd)
Yeeee-haaaaaaa---!!!

…and the DOOR ROLLS UP like a window shade, taking the nylon strap and Jessie along with it! She SOARS from the van, her HAT flying off and braids whipping in the wind until…

JESSIE (cont'd)
Wooooooody--!!

EXT. THE SPEEDING FED-UPS VAN - CONTINUOUS

WHAM! She lands, strap in hand, atop the ROOF of the van.

INT. VAN'S STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Woody pops his head from the box and GAPES-- the door's open and JESS IS GONE, her ROUND RED HAT skipping over pavement.

WOODY
JESS FELL OFF THE TRUCK!

Instantly, Woody jumps out, whirls and-- WHAM! --drops a shoulder into the teetering stack of boxes, knocking 'em off the top of their box. The others pop their heads out of the hole, but before they can even process what Woody's up to…

He SHOVES THE BOX toward the edge of the speeding van as asphalt races by in a blur below them.

THE TOYS INSIDE
Woody?! Hey! What's the big idea?

The box starts to TIP over the edge. Woody hops aboard…

WOODY
HANG ON!

…just as a HATLESS JESSIE peers down from the roof above.

JESSIE
Where the heck ya'll going?!

WOODY AND GANG
(looking up, box tipping)
Jessie…?!

They SCREAM as they drop off the back of the speeding van.

WOODY AND GANG
AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH------!!!!!

EXT. THE CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

BAM--! The box hits and EXPLODES like a cut-rate piñata, scattering six toys, one dead flashlight and a few pounds of shredded newspaper across three lanes of traffic.

HONK-HONNKKK--! SCREEEEEECHHHH!!!

A BUS and half-a-dozen cars SWERVE through the debris field.

EXT. THE ROOF OF THE FED-UPS VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jess winces as her friends narrowly miss being crushed.

JESSIE
Sakes alive, Woody! It's just a HAT!

Then she shuts her eyes, grabs the cord, and SWINGS out over…

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

…where she drops and hits and flips like a rag doll, finally coming to rest a few yards from her friends. Then…
There's a break in traffic, the coast clear. They jump up…

WOODY
Take cover…!

…and bolt for the curb and an ALLEYWAY between buildings, Jess making sure to collect her wayward HAT along the way.

EXT. ASPHALT ALLEYWAY BETWEEN BUILDINGS - CONTINUOUS

They dart behind a dumpster and take a beat, freaked.

WOODY
How we doing? Everybody okay?

MR. POTATO HEAD
Oh, pretty good. Considering YOU JUST PUSHED US IN FRONT OF A BUS.

REX
We could've been roadkill, Woody!

HAMM
What were you thinking?!

WOODY
That Jessie fell off the truck, okay?! And what's Rescue & Recovery Rule #1?

SLINKY DOG
Stay together…

WOODY
…and leave no toy behind!

JESSIE
Well thanks, partner, but now we've ALL been left behind.

MR. POTATO HEAD
With no clue how to find the factory!

WOODY
Relax! The address is on the box, and the box is sitting right there.

He nods to the street and the crumpled box, JUST as it's flattened and sucked up by a passing STREET-SWEEPER. Beat.

HAMM
Tidy bunch, these Taiwanese.

THE TOYS
(to Woody, unloading)
Dang it Wood! Good going! Now what?!

WOODY
Easy now, this is no time to panic.

MR. POTATO HEAD
You know a better time?! We're LOST on the streets of a foreign city—!

REX
--8,000 miles from home--!

HAMM
--no clue where we're going—

JESSIE
--no way to get there-

MR. POTATO HEAD
And oh, one more thing: WE'RE TOYS!

As the PANICKED WALLA continues, Woody FINGER-WHISTLES.

WOODY
ENOUGH! The Fed-Ups truck was heading that way, so that's the way we'll go.

MR. POTATO HEAD
How come only you get to decide?

HAMM
Yeah, there's no "I" in team, Woody.

WOODY
No, and there's no…
(pointing at the others)
"U" or "U" or any kind of "U" either! So we can either stay here and ARGUE while Buzz gets "replaced", or you can follow me to the factory which, more than likely, is somewhere THIS WAY.

He points and marches off in the direction they were heading. And as the others swap looks and then reluctantly follow… A WIDE-SHOT OF THE CITY and its SKYLINE behind them reveals… BUZZ'S HEAD atop the factory, *in the exact opposite direction.*

INT. THE TOY FACTORY - DAY

Like a scene from a classic Bond film, two uniformed Asian WORKERS race by in an electric utility cart, unaware as a recalled SPACE RANGER runs out and jumps on their bumper.

Buzz rides a beat, then spies a sign: "Shipping →". He does a tuck'n'roll and darts to the shadow of machinery as another set of workers come his way on foot. As they pass…

BUZZ (BLURTS, PRE-RECORDED)
"There's no intelligent life here!"

Horrified, Buzz covers his mouth but he's TOO LATE. One of the guy stops, spins, bends down, and as Buzz flops, frozen… The worker picks him up and calls to his buddy, who's apparently the Asian Beavis to this guy's Asian Butthead.

FACTORY WORKER
What's a Recalled Buzz unit doing here?

FACTORY WORKER 2
Dunno. But hey, let's take him to the Smasher! I wanna check that thing out!

FACTORY WORKER
Good idea. Go long, dude!

His buddy goes deep as he fades back and then unleashes a MONSTER THROW, poor Buzz cartwheeling through the air until…

WHAM--! He HITS A PILLAR and PLUMMETS, hitting the cement floor with a sickening CRACK. And as the "receiver" laughs and picks him up, ready to throw him back…

FEMALE EXECUTIVE (O.S.)
Hey--!

He whirls to find that (headless) FEMALE EXECUTIVE heading their way, briefcase in hand, enroute to a meeting.

HEADLESS FEMALE EXECUTIVE
Is that one of the recalled units?

FACTORY WORKER 2
(timidly)
Uh… yeah…?

HEADLESS FEMALE EXECUTIVE
I'll take that.

And as she swipes Buzz from the factory lacky's hand, CUT TO:

INT. TOY FACTORY - EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Exec enters, hits the intercom button on a SPEAKERPHONE.

HEADLESS FEMALE EXEC
Send the memos down, we're starting.

She flips on some TRACK-LIGHTS to reveal a LONG TABLE, where DAXX BLASTAR and a cute feline in Daxx-like armor (named COMET… and very "street") shine under a white-hot spot. Then she drops Buzz on the table, exits and, after a beat…

DAXX
Is that who I think it is?

Before Comet can answer, Buzz malfunctions/blurts:

BUZZ (PRE-RECORD)
Buzz Lightyear to the rescue!

COMET
Foshizzle! The big man's in da house!

Startled, Buzz jumps up and looks around, panicked.

BUZZ
What big man? Where?! Everyone back to their last position, go, go, go!

Buzz flops, freezes. The duo swap looks (uh… yeah). Then…

DAXX
Commander, we were talking about you.

BUZZ
Me?

COMET
Yeah you, "Mister best-selling-toy in Wocka-Wocka history!" You are MONEY, baby, they built this company on your white-rear, Lightyear, mad props, dawg, seriously, slap me some plastic…

He gives the somewhat-lost-looking Buzz an ambitious homey-style-handshake as Daxx rolls his eyes and steps up.

DAXX
And as the latest toy to roll off the company assembly line, let me add it's a true honor to finally meet you, sir.

He salutes Buzz, who salutes him back.

BUZZ
Thanks, rookie. Got a name?

DAXX
Affirmative, Commander. They call me…
(slaps chest button, echoing)
Daxx Blastar of Star Command (Command… Command… Command…!)

COMET
Y'know, you gotta dial down that echo thing, DB, it's *so* over the top, sounds like ya fell down a well or something--

Daxx reaches over and-- SHOOP! HITS A BUTTON that SHUTS Comet's helmet and MUTES the gabby cat, who struggles futiley to pull Daxx's hand away to open it again.

BUZZ
Ah, so you're Daxx Blastar. The next big action figure from Wocka-Wocka.

DAXX
But never as big as you, Buzz: in toy chests on every continent, your face forty-feet-high on the factory roof.
(beat)
But yes, I am Daxx, and this…
(disdainfully nods to Comet)
…*accessory* here is my pet cat, Willow.

SHOOP! As Comet finally opens his helmet again…

COMET
Okay, two things: I believe the word you were looking for is *sidekick* and I don't care WHAT they slap on my box I'm NOT answering to no "Willow." I mean, c'mon peeps, you don't name a futuristic space-cat after a tree, especially a wimpy tree like that, always looking sad, and weepy, and "pussy willow", what's that, don't even go there, so from now the only name I answer to is "Comet."

BUZZ
"Comet"?

COMET
Right, 'cause I'm like a comet, see? I'm bright, quick, got a long tail…

He turns and wiggles his as… SHOOP! Daxx hits "mute" again.

DAXX
So Commander, what brings you to our corporate brass power-meeting today?

BUZZ
No idea. Must be the recall.

DAXX
(flinches, the "r" word!)
Did you say "Recall"?!

COMET
(pops open helmet)
What recall?

BUZZ
You haven't heard? They're recalling and destroying all the Lightyear units.

COMET
No way! Get outta town, Lightyear!

BUZZ
That's the idea. Soon as I figure out a way to get myself fixed, I'm gone.

WHOOSH! An ACRYLIC CAPSULE arrives in the room's AIR-TUBE-TRANSPORT, just as HUMAN VOICES waft in from the hallway.

COMET
The suits! Everybody back to toyland!

They rush back to their positions as a handful of EXECUTIVES enter and takes seats around the table, the Female Exec pulling MEMOS from the ATT capsule and passing them around.

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
Put the conference call through.

The Exec nearest the phone hits a button, and…

FOREIGN VOICES (VIA SPEAKERPHONE)
London here. Cheerio! Bonjour from France! *Buenos dias, compadres!*

HEADLESS FEMALE EXEC
All parties present and accounted for.

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
Excellent. Begin.

HEADLESS FEMALE EXEC
As you know, we mailed out almost a million letters to customers announcing the recall of our Buzz Lightyear figure.

WHACK! Buzz's WINGS open and smack her right in the larynx.

HEADLESS FEMALE EXEC
Owww--!
(then, raspy voiced)
…can I get a little water please…?

She puts Buzz down on the table, facing the speakerphone.

ANOTHER EXECUTIVE
It's a chip failure, and since that's the most expensive part of the toy, rather than *replace* the recalled Buzz units, we've installed a "Recycling Unit" that instantly disassembles and separates all incoming recalled items.

He's interrupted by a (familiar) VOICE on the speakerphone.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)
Recycling Unit? You mean a TOY SMASHER!

It's BUZZ, lying still and talking into the speakerphone, giving them all the impression he's an Exec on the call.

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
I'm sorry, who is this?

BUZZ
My name is… "Stoy", Andy Stoy. I'm the Vee-Pee of R&D, and a BLT, PDQ, no mayo si vou plas of Wocka-Wocka USA.

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
(sotto to other execs)
Why is he on this call?

And as the other Execs shrug…

BUZZ
And I'd like SOMEONE to explain why we're DESTROYING toys we can FIX!

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
(chuckles, amused)
Mr. Stoy, you remind me of our founder, Mister Kagoy. He had lousy business sense too, which is why we had to boota-boota his butta-butta off the Wocka-Wocka Boarda-Boarda.

The room ERUPTS in LAUGHTER. Buzz getting really mad now.

BUZZ
I fail to see the humor in this, sir!

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
And I fail to see the MERIT in your unsoliticed opinions, Mr. Stoy!
(beat, holding up memo)
By the way, be sure old man Kagoy's office doesn't get cc'd on this memo. I have enough headaches right now, I don't need that crazy coot bugging me.

HEADLESS FEMALE EXEC
Don't worry, he doesn't get copied on *anything* we talk about. Moving on, you'll see after running the numbers, the only viable Recall option is to--

BUZZ
--fix and ship 'em back to their KIDS!
(blurts, malfunctioning)
BUZZ LIGHTYEAR TO THE RESCUE! BUZZ LIGHTYEAR TO THE RESCUE--! (etc.)

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Buzz's LASER fires uncontrollably, followed by some involuntary karate-chopping and wing deployment.

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
More like Buzz Lightyear to the *Recycler*. Get that thing out of here.

One of the EXECS picks up the babbling/blurting Buzz.

ANOTHER HEADLESS EXEC
Actually, sir, the Legal Dept. likes us to save one, in the event we get sued.

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
Fine. *Archive him.*

And as Buzz, still spouting Buzz-isms, is taken outside…

HEADLESS FEMALE EXEC
Okay, bottom line-- how do we remedy a recall of over a million Buzz dolls and still turn a profit? With this:

She holds up a glossy COUPON featuring Buzz and Daxx.

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
A COUPON?

HEADLESS FEMALE EXEC
"Send in a bad Buzz Lightyear, save $10 off a brand new Daxx Blastar."

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
I LOVE IT! Two birds, one stone! We take care of our ugly Buzz situation AND sell a million NEW action figures!

The other Execs pipe in, all congratulating one another.

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC (cont'd)
We'll announce it all tonight, at the unveiling of the Daxx Blastar line! Nice work, people! Meeting adjourned!

They stand and file out, leaving Daxx and Comet on the table. Both of whom come alive, completely stoked.

COMET
Yo Blastar, you catch all that?

DAXX
(stars in his eyes)
You bet your asteroid, kitty! Looks like <u>I'm</u> about to become the best selling toy in Wocka-Wocka history!

EXT. A CROWDED TAIPEI MARKETPLACE - DAY

Woody peers out from behind a sidewalk display of KNOCK-OFF DESIGNER ITEMS AND PIRATED DVD'S. Takes a look around.

HIS POV: The street is PACKED WITH PEOPLE as tourists and Taiwanese shop shoulder-to-shoulder on a block lined with assorted sidewalk vendors and mom'n'pop shops, including…

A TOY STORE, a shop or two down the sidewalk from them.

WOODY
Good news! I think I see a toy store!

MR. POTATO HEAD
(mocking his enthusiasm)
Great! We can go buy Andy a new Buzz!

WOODY
(shoots him a look)
The *idea* is to ask for directions. If anyone knows where the local toy factory is-- it's the local toys.
(beat, hops on Bullseye)
Lay low, guys, we'll be right back.

JESSIE
What? You can't just up'n'trot down a crowded sidewalk, Woody! That's nuts!

WOODY
No, Jess, it's called "hiding in plain sight." Relax, I'll be right back.

--MUSIC UP as Woody and Bullseye dart into "foot traffic".
--Slalom around sandals, sneakers, boots and high-heels.
--Dodge a CHEWING-GUM WEB stretching from sidewalk to shoe.
--Gallop by YUCKY-DEAD FISH lying iced along the sidewalk.
--Swerve around a Pekingese pup, just as he lifts his leg.
--Then SPRINT the last few feet to the SIDEWALK DISPLAY OF…

EXT. THE TOY STORE'S SIDEWALK - SAME

…where they ride under a SIDEWALK DISPLAY, Woody parking Bullseye by a table-leg before moseying on over to a GROUP OF TOYS (Teddy Bears, Robots, knock-off Barbies, etc.)

WOODY
Howdy folks! Can anyone tell me where to find the Wocka-Wocka Toy Factory?

The toys spin his way, Teddy the first to react.

TEDDY BEAR
Wocka-Wocka?!

WOODY
(thumbs-up, optimistic)
Wocka-Wocka! That's the one!

Instantly, the toys begin to CONVERSE EXCITEDLY IN CHINESE. And as Woody tries to converse along with them, all at once…

WOODY
What? Sorry! English anyone? Wocka-Wocka? Directions? Toy factory?

…he resorts to the LAMEST thing a tourist can do.

WOODY
(bad chinese accent)
So solly! Me no speeky Taiwaneesey!

Instantly, the locals stop talking, and glower. Then-- Knock-Off Barbie points over Woody's shoulder and SCREAMS something in Chinese. Woody spins back to the sidewalk…

WOODY (cont'd)
Bullseye?

…but BULLSEYE IS GONE. Actually, it's WORSE than that. A WOMAN pays the SHOP OWNER and then drops BULLSEYE into her FAT LITTLE BOY'S STROLLER. *Bullseye's been sold!* And as Mom pushes the pram back into the heavy sidewalk traffic…

WOODY
OH NO--!

He gives chase, leaving the locals to trade looks and shrug…

TEDDY BEAR
Wai so dim…?

EXT. TAIPEI STREET - KNOCKOFFS DISPLAY - SECONDS LATER

Rex nudges Hamm as the tubby toddler gets pushed their way.

REX
Aww, look at the cute li'l potsticker.

But as the kid lifts Bullseye into view and chews his nose…

HAMM
And his pony looks just like Bullseye…

JESSIE
(looks, startled)
Because IT IS Bullseye! And Woody--!

And as they see Woody DIVE into the stroller's STORAGE BIN…

JESSIE
C'mon boys, we got us a buggy to catch!

They bolt from behind the display and chase the stroller like hobos hopping a boxcar. Woody pulls Rex aboard, Rex pulls Hamm, Hamm pulls Slink, Slink pulls Jess and she reaches out to Potato Head-- POP-POP! His ARMS come off in her hands.

MR. POTATO HEAD
(on a dead run)
Today keeps getting better'n'better!!

But then SLINKY dives over the side and Jess slides down his back, and as she grabs Spud and Slink hauls 'em both in…

INT. THE STROLLER STORAGE BIN - CONTINUOUS

…the toys huddle together among baby-wipes and bottles.

REX
Now how're we gonna save Buzz?

MR. POTATO HEAD
Buzz--? Who's gonna save US?!

INT. WOCKA-WOCKA TOY FACTORY - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

A freight elevator rises into view. Then a WORKER wheels a MAIL-CART with BUZZ inside up to a thick door, unlocks it…

INT. THE ARCHIVES/RECALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

…and enters what looks like a PRISON for toys. CELL-LIKE BINS line racks of shelves, filled with RED-"R"-TAGGED toys. As the WORKER wheels BUZZ past these various "cells" we see:

KLICK-KLACKS (cracked and razor sharp); An "EZ-BROIL" OVEN (its sides melted and scorched); a "HAIRNADO BRAID TWISTER" (tangled with yanked-out hair); LAWN DARTS ('nuff said)…

AT A RACK MARKED "L-P", the worker finds an empty bin and slaps a STICKER on the front: "LIGHTYEAR, B." Then, as he turns and starts to exit, the inmates begin to WHISPER.

RECALLED TOYS (AD-LIB)
New guy! Where? In the ellemenopees!

As the door shuts, THE ROOM COMES ALIVE, some of the "inmates" leaving their cells while others return to what they were doing-- playing cards, shooting craps, etc.

Buzz climbs from his bin, then turns to find a cute, plastic pajama'd DOLL standing and staring a few feet away from him.

ROSEY
Hey there, mister! I'm Rosey! *Cozy-*
Rosey! What's your name?

BUZZ
(not in the mood)
Says right there on my cage, kiddo.

ROSEY
Awesome! Too bad I can't read!

She bats her eyes and beams, bubbly. Buzz manages a smile.

BUZZ
I'm Buzz. And what's a cute li'l toy
like you doing in a place like this?

ROSEY
Oh, long story short, I was s'posed to
keep kids warm and **toasty** at night…

She pulls up her PAJAMA TOP to reveal a cute li'l perforated tummy, which suddenly GLOWS RED inside and—- WHUMP! IGNITES.

ROSEY (cont'd)
…but I kept burning the toast.
(beat, very cheery)
Scuse me! Gotta stop, drop and roll…!

As she does, quickly smothering her flames and then popping up all happy and grinning, as if nothing happened…

JADE (O.S.)
Rosey--?!

Buzz and Rosey turn as JADE-- a sexy, leggy doll in a jade colored slit-to-the-thigh evening gown-- sashays over.

JADE
--how many times have I told ya?!
(protective arm around Rosey)
Don't go near the new guys until we
know why they're here! It's not safe!

ROSEY
I know, but he looked so friendly…!

BUZZ
That's because I <u>am</u> friendly. And
lady, I can assure you, I'm not a
danger in any sense of the word.

JADE
Right. And I just have a bad knee.

She flexes one of her gams and-- CHING! A SHARP, FLAT SHARD OF METAL springs from her knee like a switchblade. And as Buzz eyes her secret "weapon" and whistles, impressed…

JADE (cont'd)
Welcome to the Recall Room. I'm Jade.

ROSEY
(loud whisper, to Buzz)
The mean toys call her *Jade the Blade*.

JADE
Thanks for sharing, Rosey.

BUZZ
Hello, Jade. I'm--

JADE
Please, there's not a toy in the joint who hasn't heard of Commander Buzz best-selling-toy-ever Lightyear.

ROSEY
You're Buzz Lightyear?! NO WAY!
(spins to Jade, stoked)
You mean we get to share a shelf with the most popular spaceman ever?! COOL!

WHUMP! She goes up in flames again…

BUZZ
Does that happen a lot?

ROSEY
(fully-ablaze)
Only when I think about it. Or don't.

…and as she drops, rolls, and hops up again, smoking…
A number of OTHER TOYS suddenly converge, eager to meet Buzz.

RECALL TOYS (AD-LIB)
So what'd you do, Buzz? Who'd you hurt? Your kid? Sibling? Who?

PLUSH DOG ("SPIKE")
(exposed spike instead of eye)
Forget the who, let's hear the what. And don't spare the gorey details.

PINCHY-WINCHY
(a toy that apparently pinches)
Did you PINCH him?

SPIKE
Poke him? Cut him?

SLIDE WHISTLE (W/BROKEN TIP)
Maybe he choked him.
(then, oddly proud)
I turned my kid blue!

BUZZ
Does it matter? It was an accident!
I'd never intentionally hurt my kid.

PINCHY-WINCHY
No kidding! Neither would any of us!

JADE
But we're all dangerous, just the same.

ROSEY
Which is why we're locked up, forever.

BUZZ
Forever?! I don't think so. I've got
a boy named Andy to get home to, and--

PING! A hard candy-- a JUJUBEE-- hits and sticks on Buzz's forehead. And as a PLASTIC HONEY-BEE aims his stinger again…

BUZZ
(yanks pellet off forehead)
What's your problem, Candyman?

JUJUBEE BEE
The *name* is Jujubee Bee.

ROSEY
(quick aside to Buzz)
He was s'posed to be the next "Pez".

JUJUBEE BEE
…and get over yourself, Lightyear.
Plenty of us Recalled Toys had a kid
once, including me.

PINCHY-WINCHY
Tell us about it, Juju.
(rolls eye, facetious)
Again.

JUJUBEE BEE
(sighs, wistful)
His name was Billy. He was such a
wonderful boy. And I'll never forget
the very last thing he said to me:
OWWW! I'M BLIND! MY EYE! MY EYE--!!

And as Juju and the Recalls BUST UP and slap one other (causing Jujubee to misfire and break something o.s.)…

A lone WALKY-TALKY hobbles over, squawking excitedly.

SHIRLEY THE SHORT-WAVE RADIO
He's out! Shorty just broke out!

The Recall Toys react with GASPS.

JUJUBEE BEE
What? How?

SHIRLEY THE SHORT-WAVE RADIO
Hid in the cart of the guy who brought Buzz here! *He's on the factory floor!*

They all gather 'round her to listen, Jade filling in Buzz.

JADE
Shorty's a short-circuiting-Walky-Talky. He's been planning this break for years.

Shirley CRACKLES, then SHORTY'S VOICE comes over her speaker.

SHORTY (O.S., VIA SHIRLEY)
…Shorty to Shirley… over…

The Recalls buzz with excitement. Shirley quietly responds.

SHIRLEY
This is Shirley, over.

SHORTY (O.S., VIA SHIRLEY)
I squawked and got noticed by a passing factory worker, and he put me on a conveyor. *I'm gonna get fixed!*

The Recalled Toys CHEER! But Buzz looks concerned.

BUZZ
Ask who's riding it with him.

SHIRLEY
What? Who cares?!

BUZZ
Ask him--!

SHIRLEY
Who else is on the belt with ya, Short?

SHORTY (O.S., VIA SHIRLEY)
Well, I see a clown-- a really *happy* clown-- hello to you too, silly man…! And, um, a few other "R" tagged toys…

BUZZ
(grabs, yells into Shirley)
SHORTY-- get outta there, NOW!

SHORTY (O.S., VIA SHIRLEY)
What? Who is this--?!

BUZZ
They're gonna SMASH and RECYCLE YOU!

SHORTY (VIA SHIRLEY, O.S.)
Smash me? Don't be ridicu--
(beat, freaked)
AHH--! SOMETHING JUST PINNED ME!

The Recalled Toys GASP.

SHIRLEY
Shorty--?!!

SHORTY (VIA SHIRLEY, O.S.)
(ala radio's *War of the Worlds*)
GOOD LORD--! IT'S HUGE! A MONSTER!
SMASHING EVERYTHING TO PIECES--!!

The Recalls WINCE as they hear SMASHING… SCREAMING… and then… STATIC. And as Shirley FAINTS and falls flat on her back… Spike quickly kneels beside her and stabs her "Talk" button.

SPIKE
Shorty, do you copy? Shorty…?!

But Jujubee and gang GROAN and trade ominous looks.

ROSEY
They're smashing Recalls now? *Why…?*

BUZZ
Because it's cheaper than fixing us.
Or so all the guys in the suits say.

JADE
This wouldn't happen if Kagoy were
still around. He *cared* about toys.

BUZZ
(sotto, to himself)
Kagoy… as in "Old Man Kagoy…?"

JUJUBEE BEE
Founder of the company. Rumor has it
the Board of Directors fired him and
shipped him off to the booby hatch.

BUZZ
What? No, they were talking about him in a meeting today! He's still here!

The Recalls REACT, Jade repeating it out of disbelief.

JADE
Old man Kagoy… is still here.

BUZZ
YES! They were saying they don't want him to know anything, to get any memos!
(beat, epiphany)
But if we can somehow GET HIM one of the MEMOS that says what they're doing—-

PING-PANG-PUNG! Three JUJUBEES stick to and seal his mouth.

JUJUBEE BEE
Quiet, Lightyear! Do you want more of these toys to end up just like Shorty?!
(turns to others)
You all heard it, the awful ugly TRUTH! From now on, any Recall found on the factory floor gets SMASHED!

BUZZ
(pulls off last Jujubee)
Well I, for one, don't care! I have to get home to Andy, and as soon as I find a way out of here-—

JUJUBEE BEE
THERE IS no way out of here-- not anytime soon! Shorty waited over a YEAR for that door to open and odds are it'll take a year to happen again.

WHAM-WHAM-WHAM! Buzz's bad arm SMACKS HIMSELF in the head.

BUZZ
I don't have a year! In fact, I don't how long I have. But I know staying down here isn't any kind of LIFE.

JADE
(defensive, offended)
Hey-- we live just fine down here in the Wocka-Wocka Recall Room, spaceman.

JUJUBEE BEE
And it's your life now too, so you'd better get used to it, Buzzzzzzzz…

And as Buzz looks around and ponders THAT sobering thought…

INT. A CROWDED TAIPEI COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

People are packed like sardines; Mom's back is to the buggy.

INT. THE STROLLER - BASSINET - SAME

Little Buddha stops gnawing on Bullseye to nibble on a big plastic RATTLE. And as Woody slowly pokes his head up…

WOODY
Why hewwo, you cute wittle dumpling. I wike your horsey. Can I pway with it--

WHAM-WHAM-WHAM! …he gets BRAINED by the rock-hard rattle.

INT. THE STORAGE BASKET - SECONDS LATER

A woozy Woody, his hat wedged over his eyes, drops down, a beaten man. And as the others grab him and pull him inside…

REX
Woody, what happened…?!!

WOODY
He… hasn't learned to share.

JESSIE
Well we'll just see about that!

INT. THE STROLLER - THE BASSINET - SAME

Baby Buddha reclines contently in his stroller seat, clutching Bullseye in a death-grip to his marshmallow-like chest. But then his eyes narrow and a scowl forms as…

Jessie looms up behind his footrest, swinging a LASSOO fashioned from a nylon pacifier "leash."

JESSIE
Get ready, boy, I'm busting you out.

But just as the words leave her mouth…

WACK-WACK! The baby double-kicks her, Kung Fu style, and knocks her from sight like a puppet in a Punch'n'Judy show.

INT. THE STORAGE BIN BELOW

Jessie tumbles in and flops at the feet of the others.

JESSIE
…next…

MR. POTATO HEAD
Doesn't that kid ever sleep?!

WOODY
At least he's stopped eating Bullseye.

HAMM
I'll give him something to eat.
(shakes a hoof)
How 'bout a pig knuckle-sandwich?

REX
Hamm, you can't hurt a baby!

MR. POTATO HEAD
I wouldn't exactly call Chinese Chubby Checkers up there a "baby." The little wonton weighs more than Andy!

WOODY
Andy…
(sighs, wistful)
What I wouldn't give to see him again…

JESSIE
Well, we ain't gonna see Andy OR Buzz again if we don't get Bullseye back and get our hides to Wocka-Wocka!

WOODY
We'll send two guys up this time, double-team him! Hamm? Potato?

MR. POTATO HEAD
Oh sure! Let's hand hungry, hungry hippo there two of the four food groups!

Another KLAXON blast, the toys bracing as the train quickly decelerates and lurches to a halt. As the doors HISS open…

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - SECONDS LATER

Mom pushes baby in the direction of a hi-tech skyscraper.

INT. THE STROLLER'S STORAGE BIN

Hamm pokes his snout out, looks around.

HAMM
I think we're heading for a building.
(then, spotting signage)
"101 Taipei"? WOAH.

WOODY
What's "woah" about a building?

HAMM
This ain't just a building, Woodrow.

CUT TO A WIDE-SHOT NOW of the city's greatest landmark in all its glimmering, towering, architecturally-insane glory.

HAMM (O.S.)
It's the tallest building in the world.

From the awesome view of the breathtaking building, CUT TO:

INT. THE RECALL ROOM - SAME

Buzz sits on the shelf beside his bin, bouncing a fuzzy ball off a wall, catching it with a velcro mitt, then repeating.

BUZZ
Six-hundred one…
(bounce, catch, velcro-rip)
Six-hundred two…

ON ONE SIDE OF BUZZ-- Jade looks seriously annoyed.

JADE
How much longer you gonna do that?

BUZZ
To infinity. And beyond.

ON THE OTHER SIDE—- in his "cell", Spike the Dog plays POKER with a pair of hot PAPER DOLLS in varying stages of undress.

SPIKE THE DOG
(lays down cards and grins)
Full house, ladies! Get comfortable.

The two girls trade pouty looks (awww!) and start sliding tabs out of slots, each removing an article of clothing.

PAPER DOLL 1
You sure these cards aren't marked?

SPIKE THE DOG
Now why would you think that?

PAPER DOLL 2
Because you never lose a hand.

SMASH! The ball and Buzz's HAND land in the middle of their game, sending cards and assorted paper clothes flying.

PAPER DOLLS
Eww--! What is that?! It's a HAND--!

They grab their clothes and run off, freaked. Then…

BUZZ (O.S.)
Little help…?

SPIKE THE DOG
Thanks a lot, Lightyear!

He tosses the hand back over the “wall”, but before Buzz can put it back on his sharp wrist… Rosey walks by and sees it.

ROSEY
Gosh—- is that how you hurt your kid?

BUZZ
I… don’t want to talk about it.

ROSEY
How come? Sometimes talking’s good.

BUZZ
Not about this. Nothing’s worse than accidentally hurting you kid.

ROSEY
Well, at least you had a kid. I never even got to leave the factory.

BUZZ
Really?

ROSEY
They recalled us before I got shipped, so I went straight from the assembly line to my little shelf down here.

BUZZ
I’m sorry. That must’ve been rough.

ROSEY
(nods, bummed)
Yeah…
(beat, brightening)
So Buzz, what’s it like, having a kid?

IN HER CELL-- Jade turns an ear their way, eavesdropping.

BUZZ
Well…
(thinks, then)
…it’s kind of hard to describe. But that moment when you finally get bought… and then your kid takes you out of your box, and you get to play with him for the first time, and he smiles, and laughs, and treats you like you’re his very best friend, well… for a toy, there’s no better feeling in the world.
(beat, smiles)
It’s the reason we toys are here.

Jade smiles, touched, as does Rosey.

ROSEY
Wow, I'm feeling all warm'n'fuzzy…

POOF! FLAMES. But as she drops and rolls, she accidentally brushes some packing material near Jade's cell and…
WUMP! Suddenly there's a decent little bonfire going.

ROSEY (cont'd)
My bad! Not a problem!

She grabs a nearby SUPER-SOAKER, turns it on the flames…

JADE
(getting soaked by overspray)
Rosey--!

…and as the fire dies, Jade storms over, sopping wet.

JADE (cont'd)
I'm soaked! I swear, if my knee rusts…

ROSEY
Sorry, Jade! I didn't mean to--!

And as she runs off, upset that Jade's upset…

JADE
Rosey, come back, it's okay--

…but she disappears into her box. Jade sighs, turns to Buzz.

JADE (cont'd)
She can be a little dramatic. Well, if anyone asks, I'll be drying off, over by the heating duct.

BUZZ
(reacts, "Did somebody say…")
Heating duct…?

SMASH CUT TO THE DUCT, behind some FILE CABINETS and covered by a GRATE. Buzz walks past Jade, carrying a COIL OF TWINE.

BUZZ
Whaddya think? Will this be enough?

JADE
Don't ask me, Houdini. I'm not helping you with your crazy escape.

Buzz ties the loose end of the twine to a steel rack.

BUZZ
Actually, what's crazy is, except for a lone Walky-Talky, nobody else has tried to get out of this place and get fixed.
(eyes the grate's four screws)
Especially when all you need's a flat-head screwdriver and the GUTS to use it.

JADE
Guts? This isn't about courage, Lightyear, it's about brains! Y'know…
(points to his butt)
…that thing your logo's stamped on?

BUZZ
(turns and stares, incredulous)
Wow. To infinity and *be-yotch*.
(beat)
Hey, I know it's a longshot. But I'll try anything to see Andy again, and maybe if you had a kid then you'd understand and want outta here too.

This hits a nerve, Jade's eyes narrowing.

JADE
Know what? I take it all back. You want out, boy-toy? Well lucky you, because I'm about to make it happen.

She hikes up her skirt, bends her knee (CHING!) and as out comes her flat, screwdriver-like BLADE…

TIME CUT TO A MOMENT LATER, as Buzz holds Jade UPSIDE DOWN and slowly spins her 360°, her knee turning the last screw.

BUZZ
You all right? How you feeling?

JADE
Like a tool.
(then, glaring at Buzz)
Are you looking up my dress?

BUZZ
(yep)
Nope.

The last screw's out. He puts her down, removes the grate, then drops the coil of twine down the deep, dark duct.

BUZZ
All set. Sure you don't wanna come with me? Help me find old man Kagoy?

WHAM! His rogue arm SMACKS HIM, spoiling any macho moment.

JADE
And end up like Shorty? No thanks.

Buzz grabs the twine with his good arm…

BUZZ
Well then, goodbye Jade. Good luck!

…and as he drops and rappels down the duct, out of sight.

JADE
(calling after him)
You too, Lightyear!
(then, sotto)
You're gonna need it.

She takes a beat, and as she turns to go…

ROSEY (O.S.)
Hey! There you are!

Rosey comes skipping up. GASPS as she sees the open duct.

ROSEY (cont'd)
What's going on? DID BUZZ ESCAPE--?

JADE
Go back to your bin, Rosey.

ROSEY
He DID! I WANNA GO!

JADE
(shakes her head, amused)
Rosey, you're not going anywhere.

ROSEY
But I want to get OUT, Jade!

JADE
And I don't want you SMASHED, Rosey!

ROSEY
So? You're not the boss of me! *I wanna see the world! Wanna have a kid!*

She starts toward the duct. Jade tries to block her, but--
WHUMP! Rosey fires up, causing Jade to back down.

JADE
Rosey, they are destroying recalled toys! *You're gonna end up in pieces!*

ROSEY
(snuffs herself, grabs twine)
Maybe. Or I could end up fixed, and
and in the arms of a really great kid!
But I'll never know if I never try…

She moves to the edge of the duct and says, bittersweet…

ROSEY (cont'd)
Goodbye, Jade.

…before dropping in and rappeling out of sight.

JADE
Rosey--!!

Jade rushes to the edge. Looks down. Looks back at the prison she's been calling home. Looks down at her bad knee.

JADE
Stupid spaceman…!

And as she grabs the twine and follows them down the shaft…

INT. 101 TAIPEI - INSIDE A HI-SPEED ELEVATOR

Woody and gang are going up-- way up— as Mom and a dozen others ride the world's fastest elevator at ear-popping speed. Then it slows, and as an AUTOMATED VOICE announces…

ELEVATOR VOICE
Floor 86… Universal Exports, Starbucks…

DING! The doors open and some people exit. But not Mom.

INSIDE THE BASSINET-- the baby is finally asleep! And as Woody and Jess slowly pry Bullseye from his sausage-like fingers and the three of them slip quietly into the basket…

INT. MESH STORAGE BASKET - SAME

The other toys silently cheer, hugging Bullseye and giving Woody and Jess fist-bumps and hi-fives. Then Woody whispers…

WOODY
Finally, we're out of that mess!
Maybe now our luck'll start to change.

REX
It has to! What could be worse than
being stuck with a baby all day long?

ELEVATOR VOICE
Floor 98… Employee Day Care Center…

DING! The doors slide open to reveal a huge room FILLED with toddling babies and rampaging kids, all of 'em with toys in their hands. And as Mom pushes the stroller inside…

MR. POTATO HEAD
(glares at Rex, pissed)
You had to ask.

MUSIC UP NOW over this "Daycare Nightmare" MONTAGE:

--Mom hands the baby and stroller off to a DAY CARE WORKER.
--The Worker parks the stroller by a group of LITTLE GIRLS.
--Who wait 'til she leaves to SWARM and grab ALL the toys.

ALL OVER THE CENTER-- it's "(Little) Girls Gone Wild" as…

BULLSEYE finds himself surrounded by an entire HERD of frilly, girly "MY PRETTY PONIES". He grins (YOWZA!) until a girl begins his MAKE-OVER, putting BOWS in his mane.

ANOTHER GIRL works on JESSIE, removing her hat, unbraiding her hair, and using clips to give her an "up-do", while…

A TODDLER takes an interest in Potato Head, pulling each of his parts off, one-by-one, and tossing them willy-nilly.

OUTSIDE - IN THE CENTER'S WALLED-IN PLAY-AREA-- two girls play "Mommy" and push two baby carriages around the yard.

In one pram-- is a diapered, bonnet-wearing "Baby Hamm."
In the other-- a onesy-wearing bottle-sucking "Baby Rex".

They're pushed side-by-side on kiddy-swings. Fed sloppy spoonfuls of APPLESAUCE. Get rocked in the little girls' arms, burped, and have their doll-sized diapers checked. Oh, dear. They're both packing little LINCOLN LOGS.

BACK INSIDE - It's SHOPPING TIME as some girls push a toy SHOPPING CART through a make-believe MARKET, picking up plastic produce, eggs, steaks and other FAKE FOOD including…

A (completely bare) PLASTIC POTATO, with a familiar shape and pattern of holes. And as "it" goes into the cart…

A pretend WEDDING's going down, and here comes the bride--

JESSIE, smiling a fixed grin but clearly horrified as a little girl's HAND "walks" her down the aisle in a flowing white KLEENEX GOWN, her bridal train-- a generous strip of t.p.-- trailing behind her. She stops alongside the groom…

WOODY, smiling and staring like a deer in the headlights. And as the girls make Woody and Jessie (blecch!) KISS…

END MONTAGE AND CUT TO:

INT. WOCKA-WOCKA TOY CO. - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Row upon row of hi-tech ROBOTIC MACHINERY crank out product. Not a lot of humans around… although as TWO WORKERS stroll past an assembly line, chatting animatedly in Chinese…

A COIL OF TWINE drops and dangles right behind them as…

40 FEET UP-- Buzz slowly drops between the blades of a large CIRCULATION FAN at the end of a heating/cooling duct. And as he continues to quietly and expertly rappel down a WALL…

ROSEY (O.S.)
Weeeeee---!!!!!!!

ROSEY COMES SLIDING DOWN ABOVE HIM, totally out of control.

BUZZ
(looking up, stunned)
Moons of Uranus!

BAM! They COLLIDE, Rosey losing her grip and SCREAMING as she slides/falls down the side of the wall until-- WHAM! She comes to rest on a small wall-mounted BOX. Where she giggles and waves up to Buzz, no worse the wear.

BUZZ
Rosey--! What're you doing?!

ROSEY
I'm coming with you!

JADE (O.S.)
Make that "us."

BUZZ
Us--?!

He looks up as just as Jade slides down, dangles beside him.

BUZZ
Miss Jade! Changed your mind, eh?

JADE
Or maybe I've lost it. And Lightyear, I really hope you didn't tie this string where the fan blades can hit it, because if that thing turns on…

BUZZ
Jade, please. I'm an ACTION FIGURE, as in I "figure" out the "action", so of course I didn't tie it where it could get cut and besides, these fans are all on a thermostat, like that one there…

He points to the wall-mounted BOX Rosey's standing on.

BUZZ (cont'd)
So the only way it'll turn on is if there's a sudden jump in the operating temperature of the machinery below.

ROSEY
Cool--!

WHUMP! She IGNITES, right atop the thermostat.

BUZZ
Or that.

The THERMOSTAT trips, FAN flips on, and all of a sudden— The cord Buzz and Jade are holding STARTS WHIPPING AROUND.

BUZZ/JADE
Aaaaaaaah---!!! Heellllllppp--!!

A few spins later, the g-force sends 'em both flying into:

AN AUTOMATED-ASSEMBLY-LINE that's manufacturing BABY DOLLIES. And as ROBOTIC ARMS grab and hold them, side-by-side…

JADE
Nice move, tying a rope to a fan!

She DUCKS as a stencil/sprayer tries to give her a BABY FACE.

BUZZ
Hey-- it's not MY fault the li'l firebug can't control her *tempera*ture.

Buzz avoids the same extreme make-over by closing his helmet visor, leaving the robot to spray a perfect, happy-baby-face on his round plastic visor (which yes, looks ridiculous).

BUZZ (cont'd)
Listen, lady, if you're gonna come along and COMPLAIN the whole time, then do me a favor and turn around—

Buzz flips his visor up, revealing his own face again.

JADE
Turn around--?!

They're TURNED AROUND, fit with BIBS (his pink, hers blue).

BUZZ
--and go back to your Recalled friends!

JADE (cont'd)
Jeez, Lightyear, are *your brains sold separately*? We can't turn around—-!

They're TURNED AROUND again and given BONNETS. Then Jade points up to the fan, which has "reeled" in all their twine.

JADE (cont'd)
That fan just "ate" our only way home!

FWAP--! They get robotically diapered and lovingly PINNED, and as they sit up, both of 'em now in full infant regalia…

JADE (cont'd)
Well then you can stay but keep your moaning to yourself. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a CRYBABY.

And as beside them, a different robotic line holds bare-naked babies by their feet and slaps POWER-PACKS into their butt-compartments, causing the babies to CRY…

ACROSS THE WAY-- Rosey calls to them from behind some boxes.

ROSEY
Hey you guys! Over here!

They jump down and head for Rosey, shedding diapers and bonnets as they go, Buzz using his to wipe his visor clean.

ROSEY
I found something we might need!

She points to a JANITOR'S CLOSET, where taped to a door is—A CUSTODIAL SCHEDULE/MAP OF THE ENTIRE WOCKA-WOCKA FACTORY, listing the names of the various departments and buildings.

BUZZ
It's a MAP! And take a look at THIS.

He points to a building and an office that's clearly marked…

JADE/BUZZ
"Kagoy…"!

BUZZ
I TOLD you Kagoy was here!

ROSEY
Yeah! We're gonna get fixed!

JADE
Rosey—listen, just because Kagoy's name is there it doesn't mean he's still here. It could be an old map…

BUZZ
OR it could be current and tell us EXACTLY where to find him AND where to find the room I was in with the memos!

ROSEY
So then we need it?

Buzz SNATCHES the MAP off the door.

BUZZ
Oh, we definitely need it.
(beat)
And we definitely DON'T need these.

He reaches to his neck and RIPS OFF his collar-like "R" tag.

ROSEY
Whoopee…!

She pulls off her "R" tag too. Jade shoots Buzz a look…

JADE
Sure hope you're right, spaceman.

…then reaches up and yanks hers off. And as Buzz eyes the map, and the huge factory ahead of them, determined…

BUZZ
Let's go.

INT. DAY CARE CENTER - INSIDE A PLASTIC PLAY HOUSE - DAY

The unhappy couple lies side-by-side on a tiny table. Staring up at the ceiling, like two newlywed zombies.

JESSIE
Woody…

WOODY
Jess…

JESSIE
We will never speak of this day again.

Woody sits up and nods, that's a given.

WOODY
Believe me. What happens in Taiwan…

WOODY AND JESSIE
…stays in Taiwan.

Some lights flip off outside. Woody looks out a window.

HIS POV: The last of the kids are leaving with their parents, Chubby Boy being pushed by his DAD, who thanks the remaining STAFF MEMBERS as they turn off the lights and all step onto an awaiting elevator.

WOODY
They're closing up! Let's go!

INT. THE DAY CARE CENTER - SAME

Now, with the lights off, the center's toys get up and mill about, bitching about the day they just had. As Woody and his Charmin-shedding Bride move and search through the crowd…

REX (O.S.)
Hey guys!

They spin to see Rex and Bullseye heading their way.

JESSIE
Good! Where's our hot dog and fries?

REX
Hamm snuck into the Day Care Office to look up the factory address on-line. And this is all I've seen of Idaho.

He holds up an EAR, which Woody takes and yells into.

WOODY
Potato Head? Where are ya, Spuddy?

MR. POTATO HEAD (SOMEWHERE O.S.)
You don't gotta yell! I'm right here!

WOODY
Where's… right here?

MR. POTATO HEAD (O.S.)
Someplace that tastes like old socks!

They look around, spy a LOST'N'FOUND BOX, and sure enough… There's POTATO HEAD'S MOUTH, and the rest of him, in pieces.

JESSIE
Bingo! And it looks like all of him!
(hops in box)
Who wants potato salad?

As she starts tossing all of his pieces out…

WOODY
(picks up the "bare" torso)
Everybody grab at least one.

MR. POTATO HEAD'S MOUTH
(as Bullseye picks it up)
And hurry, I don't like being nude.

REX
Really? I find it liberating.

And as Bulleye slaps the MOUTH in the first spot he sees.

MR. POTATO HEAD'S MOUTH
Not that hole, genius! You've got me talking out of my a--

WOODY
(looks o.s., gasps)
--aaaah--!

A SECURITY GUARD is LOWERING A STEEL-MESH CAGE over the front of the Center, locking it off from the elevators.

WOODY (cont'd)
We're LOCKED IN. Ohhh, what is NEXT?!

But as one door shuts…

EXT. FACTORY FLOOR - "THE BUZZ WORKS" - DAY

…another opens as a WORKER drives a FORKLIFT full of freight over to yet another ASSEMBLY LINE. ON THE BACK BUMPER…

Buzz, Jade, and Rosey slide off and bolt into the shadows of the machinery, Buzz unfolding and consulting their "map".

BUZZ
Okay, we just left Building "C" as in Charlie, so we must be in "B" as in--

JADE
(looking beyond him)
Buzz--?

Huh? Buzz and Rosey follow her gaze, turning around to see-- A BANNER, hanging over a currently-idle assembly line. It's a picture of Buzz and *"Buzz Lightyear - Over 1,000,000 sold!"*

JADE
This is where they make the Buzz's…

ROSEY
(to Buzz, excited)
This is where you were born…!

BUZZ
(looks around, overwhelmed)
…wow…

He climbs the steps to the machinery platform and reverently approaches the first “phase” of the line-- a two-piece INJECTIBLE MOLD that creates and combines two mirror-image halves of his body into a single, unpainted embryonic Buzz.

BUZZ
(touches one half of mold)
Momma?
(turns, touches other half)
Poppa?

Jade and Rosey come up behind him, Rosey pointing o.s.

ROSEY
And Buzz, look at all your toys!

Buzz gazes out over the “Buzz-Works”-- a dozen assembly lines turning out various BUZZ GADGETS (vehicles, weapons, etc.)

BUZZ
Somebody pinch me.

He whistles at the sight of some Radio-Controlled SPACE-RANGER-ROVERS, shining as they roll off the assembly line.

BUZZ (cont’d)
I know what I want for Christmas.

They turn as ANOTHER FORKLIFT flies through the door.

JADE
Company!

Bummer—- it’s heading right toward ‘em.

BUZZ
Down here--!

They dive for cover in a HOPPER full of POLYMER BEADS, the kind melted to make plastic. And as they sink out of sight…

Bummer redux as the Driver uses his fork to lift THE HOPPER THEY’RE IN and take it to another LINE pumping out toys.

IN THE HOPPER—- Jade pulls herself out of the glistening beads to peek over the hopper edge. And it don’t look good:

HER POV: They’re on the way to being DUMPED INTO THE VAT *that melts and feeds plastic to all the room’s machinery!*

JADE
Guys, we gotta go, NOW!

She grabs Rosey by the arm, YANKS her from the beads. And as she gives her a BOOST and Rosey straddles the edge…

Buzz hasn't budged. He squirms like a pig in quicksand.

ROSEY/JADE
What's the matter?! C'mon!

BUZZ
Can't move…! Legs… STUCK…!

The vat's coming fast. Rosey hops down, grabs Buzz's arm--

ROSEY
Grab his other arm! Hurry!

INTERCUT between the VAT and HOPPER as they race to extract Buzz, and just as it looks like they AIN'T GONNA MAKE IT…

A LOUD BELL RINGS. The LIFT DRIVER yells the Taiwanese equivalent of "YABBA DABBA DOOOO!", then kills the engine, hops off, and as other WORKERS start shutting down machinery…

IN THE HOPPER-- our trio reacts, confused.

ROSEY/JADE
What's going on? Why'd we stop?

Jade spies a CLOCK on a factory wall: 5:00.

JADE
Five o'clock! Saved by the bell.

Rosey turns to Buzz, who's on his knees, huffing'n'puffing.

ROSEY
You gonna be okay, Buzz?

BUZZ
(nods, lying)
Affirmative. I'll be fine, kid.

He gets to his feet, peers over the edge of the hopper.
HIS POV: The factory floor's now deserted, human-free.

BUZZ (cont'd)
Well, the good news is we can get around faster with the workers leaving.

ROSEY
And the bad news?

BUZZ
One of those workers might be Kagoy.
C'mon, we've got no time to lose.

He gives Rosey and then Jade a boost out of the hopper, but once they're out of sight… he sags, looking tired and BEAT.

He hits his laser, which is now DIM, the normally robust SFX a faint bleep-bleep-bleep. And from Buzz's worried look…

INT. 101 TAIPEI - DAY CARE CENTER - DAY

Woody and Gang sit around, bumming.

REX
Gosh, this has been a rough day. Sure hope Buzz is doing better than we are.

WOODY
He HAS to be. We haven't done a thing right since we got off the plane.

MR. POTATO HEAD
I'm sorry-- did you just say "we"? Because "we" are all in this BIG MESS due to one BAD DECISION after another made by a certain Sheriff WOODY doll whose name shall remain anonymous!

WOODY
Look, no one forced you to come on this mission! Or to follow my suggestions!

MR. POTATO HEAD
Suggestions? That's what you call pushing us from a speeding truck or riding a pony through downtown Taipei?!

WOODY
Hey! I didn't sign up for this job! You think I like being the guy who makes all the decisions and constantly has to tell everybody else what to do?

EVERYBODY ELSE
…yeah…

WOODY
WELL I DON'T!

REX
Then… why do you do it?

WOODY
Because I'm supposed to! Just like Buzz is supposed to be the most amazing and brave action figure EVER, I have to be "good ole reliable Woody"-- the guy who MUST know what to do because, after all, he played a *Sheriff* 50 years ago on some rinky-dink kiddy show that got canned after two lousy seasons!

JESSIE
WOAH--! We did *three* seasons, Mister! And two Bob Hope Christmas specials!

MR. POTATO HEAD
What's your point, Jessica?!

WOODY
(equally curious)
Yeah, what is your point?

JESSIE
(doesn't have one, so, to P.H.)
That YOU, Mister Starch-For-Brains, ought to be pan fried for riding Woody so hard after all he's done for us!

Woody, behind her, sticks his tongue out at Potato Head. Then sucks it back in quickly as Jessie spins his way.

JESSIE (cont'd)
And YOU, "partner" have got no leg to stand on because, Sheriff-Doll or not, no one FORCED YOU to run Andy's room all these years! If you didn't like it then you should've said something instead of ticking everybody off!

WOODY
Really? I've been… ticking?

JESSIE
(as the others nod and shrug)
Heck, you're as bad as Buzz when it comes to admitting you can use a little help! I swear, I do not get that. Must be one of them boy-toy things.
(beat, back to berating)
Now Potato Head, you testy-tuber--?!

MR. POTATO HEAD
(removes hat, cowed)
Yessir?

JESSIE
You got something to say to Woody?

MR. POTATO HEAD
I'm… sorry I got on your case. But I've been a bit stressed lately, what with being trapped atop the world's tallest building, and not knowing if Buzz is coming back and worrying about…
(MORE)

MR. POTATO HEAD (cont'd)
…how my wife's gonna tear me a new storage compartment for not kissing her goodbye, not to mention I forgot to clear the history trail on my internet browser, or to hide that old pipe I still smoke and those photos I took of Mistress Potato Head and--

WOODY AND THE GANG
OKAY! ENOUGH! JEEZ! YOU'RE FORGIVEN!

WOODY
(turning, to everyone)
And I'm sorry if I've been bossy. I'll try to remember there's no "I" in team.

REX
(cheerleader cheery)
We're a team?! O-KAY! GO TEAM!

JESSIE
Go team's right, time's a wasting, people, we gotta get organized!

WOODY
Bullseye, Rex, see if you can find a fire stairwell or a freight elevator!

JESSIE
Hamm, get on the phone and call down to Security. Maybe they'll unlock us.

Woody calls to Slinky, who's staring out a big window.

WOODY
Slink, can you go on-line, get the Wocka-Wocka address and whip up a map?

SLINKY DOG
Sure, Wood. Seems kinda silly though…
(nods to view out window)
…seeing how Buzz is right down there.

They trade looks, then rush to the floor-to-ceiling window and its panoramic view of all of Taipei where, through a CLEARING IN THE CLOUDS (yes, they are up that high)…

A section of the city is BATHED in ethereal sunshine, and in the middle of it all is the SMILING FACE OF BUZZ LIGHTYEAR, sharing the factory roof with the "WOCKA-WOCKA TOY CO." SIGN.

THE OTHERS
(at the window, mesmerized)
The Wocka-Wocka Toy Company…

HAMM
Birthplace to all things Lightyear.

WOODY
So close, yet so far away.

Woody looks around. In the Indoor Play Area… a plastic TOY SHOPPING CART. *Check.* In the Outdoor Area… a battery-powered BUBBLE MACHINE, left on and blowing bubbles. *Check.* Then Woody turns to the Staff Offices, and smiles as he sees…

A DOZEN MYLAR BIRTHDAY BALLOONS floating over a desk. *Check!*

WOODY
Hey guys, what if I said we could be inside that factory in fifteen minutes?

HAMM
I'd say "when pigs can fly!"

WOODY
Exactly.

And from Woody's wily grin, SMASH CUT TO:

A FLYING PIG. Hamm, that is, along with the entire gang…

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE CITY OF TAIPEI

…as they SOAR UP and OVER THE WALL OF THE OUTDOOR PLAY AREA, crammed together in a shopping cart tied to 5 MYLAR BALLOONS.

IN THE BACK OF THE CART-- Jessie STEERS with the Bubble Blower, using its powerful FAN as an engine, and as they SOAR OVER THE CITY, 1500 FEET ABOVE THE STREETS OF TAIPEI.

WOODY AND GANG
WOOOOOO-HOOOOO…!

MUSIC UP NOW OVER THIS <u>FLYING</u> <u>MONTAGE</u>:

Woody aims a rubber-band SLINGSHOT, a paper-clip inside. TOING! He lets one fly, puts a HOLE in a mylar balloon. HSSS! They start a slow descent, Jess steering 'em toward… The glass and steel CANYONS of downtown Taipei, where…

They drop in on a FLOCK OF BIRDS, some of whom double-take. Watch as a HELICOPTER passes by… 1,000 feet *below them.* CATCH THE EYE of gaping OFFICE WORKERS and APT. DWELLERS. Who can only assume this is some kind of a joke.

COMING UP FAST NOW-- Taipei's version of Times Square, a plaza surrounded by traffic, full of people, and featuring…

HAMM
That is some serious pixellation.

…a 3-story-high "JUMBOTRON" TV, broadcasting the local NEWS.

BUBBLY NEWS ANCHOR
(a Taipei Personality)
Okay, let's go live to our traffic-
cams and check the rush-hour commute…

And as the JUMBOTRON cuts to a series of CITY VIEWS…

ABOARD THE CART—- Woody sees a problem with their commute--
They're heading right for a set of High-Tension Wires!

CAPTAIN WOODY
Power-lines off the starboard bow!
(whirls to stern, yells)
Captain Jessie, take evasive action!

CAPTAIN JESSIE
Aye-yi, Captain Woody!
(turns fan 90-degrees, then)
Captain Rex, reduce loft, 20 percent!

CAPTAIN REX
(scissors in hand, clueless)
Hah?

ALL THE TOYS
LOSE A BALLOON!

Rex SNIPS, accidentally freeing not one balloon but TWO.

REX
Oopsy…

And as their dirigible PLUMMETS from frame…

THE TOYS/HAMM
Aaaaah…! Oh, the humanity!

WHAM! They BROADSIDE a building, DRAGGING along a LEDGE before SNAGGING on a small unmanned VIDEO CAMERA. And as Rex, half-in, half-out of the cart, grabs it for dear life…

The two runaway metallic balloons strike the POWER-GRID and--
ZZZZAPP—BOOM! A TRANSFORMER EXPLODES, sending a huge FIREBALL in the air and a SHOWER OF SPARKS raining down on—-

THE CROWDED SQUARE AND JUMBOTRON, *JUST* AS THE IMAGE CUTS TO:

REX, HIS SCREAMING, MONSTER FACE FILLING THE 3-STORY SCREEN!
AND AS THINGS EXPLODE ON ALL SIDES OF IT AND THOUSANDS OF PANICKED ASIANS RUN FOR THEIR LIVES THROUGH THE STREETS…

EXT. THE LEDGE - SAME

Woody and Gang, the cart situation stable, sit and watch as Rex continues to scream into the camera and terrify Taipei.

WOODY
'Member when he couldn't scare anyone?

HAMM
Our little Rex is all grown up.

And from this classic scene of urban chaos, CUT TO:

INT. WOCKA-WOCKA TOY FACTORY - ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - NIGHT

The factory's closed but there's still plenty of white-collar types working, walking the hallways, popping in and out of offices and elevators, all of 'em too busy to notice as…

THREE MOPS-AND-BUCKETS-ON-WHEELS *roll on their own* down the shiny granite corridor, stopping (and sloshing) whenever a human appears, then continuing (and squeaking) when they leave. But before this spastic ballet gets too *Fantasia…*

The bucket-brigade pauses near a lobby and some elevators.

BEHIND HIS BUCKET-- Buzz is bent over, out of sight and out of breath. Jade calls from behind her bucket.

JADE
Recognize anything, Lightyear?

BUZZ
(glancing around)
Not sure… all the floors look the same.

ROSEY
And this building is gi-normous! That meeting room could be anywhere!

Jade turns toward a bank of ELEVATORS, brightens.

JADE
Building Directory--! C'mon…!

The trio scoot their mops and buckets along the wall 'til they're close enough to read the BUILDING DIRECTORY.

BUZZ
"Conference Room - Suite 525"!
(beat, crestfallen)
Son of andromeda, it's five floors up.

THREE JANITORS turn a corner and head their way, pointing and chatting excitedly now that they've found their mops.

JADE
And we're about to lose our cover.

Buzz looks around, spies and points to a LARGE LOBBY PLANT.

BUZZ
Behind that plant! Move!

Like a shot, Rosey takes off, Jade on her heels, and as they duck behind the large pot and huddle together, out of sight… Jade turns and whispers over her shoulder to Buzz.

JADE
So what's the plan, Lightyear?

They wait for a reply. When none comes, they turn to see-- BUZZ DIDN'T MAKE IT. He's halfway between the buckets and plant, crawling on his knees, the trio of Janitors closing.

JADE/ROSEY
Buzz--!!

They BOLT from their hiding place, grab him by the arms, then turn and drag him out of sight, just in time.

BEHIND THE PLANT-- the girls prop a woozy Buzz up.

JADE
What happened…?!

BUZZ
Not… sure. Must be my… chip problem.

ROSEY
You got a chip problem?

JADE
Great! NOW he tells us.

BUZZ
I'll be okay. I can handle it.

JADE
You kidding? In a toy like you, the chip's everything! If it's giving out…

ROSEY
…then pretty soon, so will you.

Buzz reaches over, hits his laser. It's MUCH dimmer and fainter than last time. He sighs… knows what he must do.

BUZZ
You two go on without me.

JADE/ROSEY
What? Don't be crazy!

BUZZ
Look-- even if we get up there and find the memo, we're still a few buildings away from Kagoy, assuming he hasn't already gone home for the day!

JADE
Sorry, spaceman! We've come too far and are too close for you to quit on us now!

BUZZ
Us? There's a change. What happened to the old Jade? The one who didn't need to get out and get a kid…

ROSEY
(matter-of-fact)
…again.

JADE
Rosey…!

ROSEY
What, you never told him?

And as Jade shoots daggers at her…

BUZZ
Jade, did you have a kid…?

Jade sighs. Does she really want to talk about this? Then…

JADE
Yeah. About 10 years ago. But sometimes it feels like yesterday.

CUT TO A *FLASHBACK SEQUENCE,* which Jade describes in V.O., her saga starting here INSIDE THE (NOT-AS-HI-TECH) FACTORY…

JADE (V.O.)
It started out so great, I was lucky-- one of the first Jades off the line. I also got one of the best dresses, flew through inspection, and then I got even luckier: I was one of the first Jades shipped to *America*.

CUT TO INSIDE A LARGE RETAIL TOY STORE…

JADE (V.O.)
Once in the store, my hot streak continued. I got amazing placement-- center aisle, front row, middle of the shelf-- right at kiddy eye level. And I swear, after less than an hour of shelf-time, the cutest little girl ever walked up, grabbed me, and did an amazing job whining and persuading her guilt-ridden career-mom to buy me.

The little girl holds Jade's box in her arms and skips to the register, so happy. Jade looks even happier. She beams at her kid through the cellophane, her dream coming true.

JADE (V.O.)
But once we made it to the register…

AT THE REGISTER—- lights flash, alarms beep, and the LED READOUT on the register flashes: "See Manager."

JADE
…my dream became a nightmare.

BUZZ
The recall.

JADE
They'd announced it that very day.

BACK TO THE REGISTER—- where it's "Sophie's Choice" in a toy store as the brutish Manager tries to PRY Jade from the desperate grasp of the hysterical, crying little girl.

JADE (V.O)
My kid and I were together maybe two minutes before the world came crashing down. We never even got to touch.

Jade watches as the Mom gently pulls the sobbing kid away.

JADE (V.O.)
Then the Manager took me and the other Jades into the back room, boxed us up, and shipped us straight back here.

CUT TO THE FACTORY - as the recalled Jade shipment arrives.

JADE (V.O.)
Mister Kagoy was in charge back then, so all the other Jades got fixed and shipped back out. But me…

Jade's pulled off a service conveyor by a Headless Exec.

JADE
…I hit the anti-lottery, 'cause out of all those Jades, I was the one picked to be archived in the Recall Room.

IN THE RECALL ROOM - An "R" tagged Jade is escorted in…

JADE (V.O.)
But to come that close to having everything you've ever wanted, and then to suddenly have it all go away…

…and dropped in her dimly lit storage bin. And as the worker walks away, Jade stares through her bars with fiery resolve.

JADE (V.O.)
From that moment on I SWORE I'd never let myself feel that much pain again.

BACK TO OUR TRIO—- Jade now eyes Buzz with the same resolve.

JADE
But now here I am, back chasing the dream. Only this time, I am not coming close again just to have it go away.

ROSEY
We can't do this without you, Buzz!

BUZZ
What do want me to do you?! I can't climb five flights of stairs!

Rosey eyes the BANK OF ELEVATORS, busy and full of people.

ROSEY
What if we go up in the elevator?

JADE
How? They're always full of people!

BUZZ
(looks o.s., *Eureka!*)
That's it!

And as we follow Buzz's gaze toward a SIGN posted over the lifts: *In Case Of Fire, Use Stairs…* SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE SUPPLY STORAGE ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Rosey stand on a FILE CABINET beneath the smoke/heat detector. WHUMP! She fires up and (*WOOP—WOOP!)*, sets off *the* FIRE ALARM.

EXT. THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE

A PROCESSION of grumbling workers slog toward the exits…

GRUMBLING, EXITING WORKERS (AD-LIB)
What a pain. Smell any smoke? Nah…
Probably a false alarm. Usually is…

…and Jade and Rosey help Buzz across the lobby and into…

INT. AN AWAITING ELEVATOR

…now empty save for the cloying MUZAK (*Hakuna Matata*). Jade boosts Rosey up, she hits "5", and as the doors slide shut…

EXT. THE SKY - 100 FEET OVER TAIPEI - DUSK

Darkness falls, as do Woody and Gang, the fan-powered dirigible in a fast but controlled descent on approach to-- THE FACTORY, just as its big rooftop sign bursts into NEON.

HAMM
Landing lights. Nice touch.

EXT. THE FACTORY'S FRONT LAWN - SECONDS LATER

The shopping cart glides into frame, touch-and-going across the expansive lawn until Rex releases the last of the balloons and they stick a perfect four-point landing.

THE TOYS (AD-LIB)
Made it! YES! We're here…!!!

They roll to a stop near some camouflaging trees, jump out on the lawn, and high-five each another, proud and optimistic.

REX
Perfect touchdown!

MR. POTATO HEAD
Now <u>that</u> is teamwork, people!

JESSIE
Maybe our luck's finally changed!

Right on cue, LAWN SPRINKLERS pop-up and start to spray 'em. And as they take off, racing across the lawn to the factory…

EXT. THE FACTORY - LOADING DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

…they run up a RAMP and slip past the clear WIND/RAIN CURTAIN of the Loading Dock, just as a WORKER hits a button and the huge warehouse doors slide closed for the night.

INT. THE EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room's human-free and disheveled. On the conference table are coffee cups, scattered papers, and, at the end…

Daxx and Comet, right where we left them, only now they're surrounded by Daxx-related (prototype) ACCESSORIES and DISPLAYS (posters, adult-sized cardboard standees, etc.)

And as a thrilled Daxx eyes a CARTOON POSTER of a galactic battle scene showing a ripped Commander Blastar in action…

DAXX
(clearly smitten w/himself)
And check this one out. I am kicking alien butt and taking alien names.

COMET
(eyes it, bored)
Uh-huh…
(nods to another poster)
…and do you notice anything special about this one here, of you and me?

DAXX
(eyes it, mulling)
There's… no sign of your litter box?

COMET
(mad, points)
There is a RAY-GUN on my hip, Blastar! And I don't care HOW crazy they imagine space will be in 4024 A.D., you don't give a firearm to a PET.

DAXX
Oh Willow, you silly cat. Does it matter? No one's going to buy you.

He picks up one of the prototype BUZZ RECALL OFFER COUPONS.

DAXX (cont'd)
Not when every kid who owns a Buzz Lightyear will be trading up to a…

BUZZ (O.S.)
Daxx Blastar--?

Buzz and gang appear in the doorway.

DAXX
Buzz! This is certainly a surprise!

He quickly flips the coupon face down on the table and grins, big'n'phony, as he and Comet hop down to greet them.

COMET
Who’s your posse there, Lightyear?

BUZZ
Jade, Rosey, meet Commander Daxx
Blastar and his *sidekick*, “Comet.”

Comet gives Buzz a grateful wink as greetings are exchanged.

DAXX
So, what’re you doing here? Weren’t
you-- what’s the word-- *archived*?

BUZZ
Affirmative. I came back for a memo.

DAXX
A memo? What memo?

Jade, going through papers with Rosey, holds one up.

JADE
Look like it’s this memo, right here.

ROSEY
Yay! Jade found it!

JADE
(taking it over to Buzz)
The one that says they’re gonna be
destroying toys instead of fixing them?

She shows it to Buzz, who grins and flashes thumbs-up.

DAXX
What exactly are you toys up to?

ROSEY
We’re taking the memo to old man Kagoy!

DAXX/COMET
Old man Kagoy? The factory founder?

BUZZ
If this Kagoy fellow cares about toys
like they say he does, then maybe he
can stop this policy of smashing
recalled toys and get all of us fixed!

COMET
But if they start fixing all the Buzz
Lightyears, that means Daxx and me--

DAXX
(interrupting)
--won't EVER have to worry about the factory recalling and destroying US someday! What a great idea, Buzz!

COMET
(on board now)
Yeah, good luck with that, Lightyear!

DAXX
And if there's anything we can do--

BUZZ
Thanks, but we've gotta run. Kagoy's office is a building or two away from here and he's probably leaving soon.

DAXX
Gee, then you'd better take the tubes.

ROSEY
The what?

Daxx nods to the room's AIR TUBE TRANSPORT SYSTEM.

COMET
The Air Tube Transport. It'll take you to Kagoy's Office in ten seconds flat.

BUZZ/JADE/ROSEY
Great! T'rific! Yippee--!

BUZZ
Except… we don't know how to use it.

DAXX
No worries! *I* do.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jade and Rosey are each inside a capsule, ready to go, as Buzz, rolled-up Memo in hand, slips into his capsule and Comet screws the lid on tight and bangs on the top.

COMET
You're good to go, buddy!

BUZZ
Thanks, Comet! I owe you one, Blastar!

AT THE ATT CONTROL CONSOLE-- Buzz watches Daxx scroll down a list of "DESTINATIONS" until he gets to "KAGOY"…

DAXX
Godspeed, Buzz Lightyear!

…then scroll past “Kagoy” until he gets to “RECYCLING”.

DAXX (cont’d)
SUCKER!

And as Daxx hits the “LAUNCH” button—-

BUZZ
Nooooo---!!!!

--the three capsules ROCKET away. WHOOOSH-WHOOOSH-WHOOOSH!

COMET
SMOOTH, Blastar. Good plan!

DAXX
Better than good, cat, it’s *smashing!*
C’mon—- let’s finish them off.

Comet nods, and then both toys SUDDENLY TRANSFORM INTO VEHICLES, Daxx a sleek, futuristic MOTORCYCLE, his sidekick Comet his SIDECAR. And as they connect up and RACE AWAY…

INT. WOCKA-WOCKA FACTORY - THE RECEIVING DEPARTMENT

The toys are still a bit wet from the lawn sprinklers. Woody tips one of his boots over, water pouring out.

WOODY
There’s a *lake* in my boot!

Bullseye shakes like a dog, sending water everywhere. And as Jessie wrings out her wet woolly brades…

Hamm consults the Shipping Desk’s FED-UPS DELIVERY CHART.

HAMM
Okay, according to this, and adjusting for the International Date Line, if we’re gonna get home before Andy gets back from his trip, we need to find Buzz and be out on the Loading Dock in a 2-Day-Express-Box by 7 PM tonight.

Twelve eyes snap to the nearby wall-clock. 5:35.

WOODY
Not a lot of time.

REX
But plenty of boxes.

He nods over to the “RECEIVING” area, where there seems to be an ENDLESS SEA OF NEWLY-RECEIVED “BUZZ RECALL” BOXES.

REX
How we gonna find which one is Buzz’s?

MR. POTATO HEAD
Here’s an idea.
(hands to mouth, top o’lungs)
BUUUUUUZZZZZZ---?!!!!

WOODY
(annoyed)
Potato Head, was that really necessa--

He’s interrupted by a THUNDEROUS REPLY.

50,000 BUZZ DOLLS IN BOXES
YEEEEEEAHHHH?!!!

And as P-Head smirks, smug, Woody gets more specific.

WOODY
ANDY’S BUZZ?!

ABOUT 1000 BUZZ DOLLS (AD-LIB)
Yo! Right here! Affirmative!

HAMM
ANDY *DAVIS’S* BUZZ?

MAYBE 3 BUZZES
Yessir! Reporting for duty! Hoo-yah!

Jessie steps up and puts an end to it.

JESSIE
ANDY DAVIS, WHO HAS A SISTER NAMED MOLLY, AND A DOG NAMED BUSTER?

Crickets. Rex says aloud what they’re all thinking.

REX
What if we got here too late…?

WHOOSH-WHOOSH-WHOOSH! The three Recall Toys fly by in the air-tube overhead. And as Woody and gang look up, they see…

WOODY AND GANG
BUZZ?!

BUZZ
(gawks, stunned)
WOOOOODY---?!!!!

WHOOOSH! As Buzz and gang disappear, Woody and gang CHEER…

WOODY/HAMM/JESSIE
He's okay! Woo-hooo! Let's ride!

…and take off in hot pursuit.

INT. THE FACTORY - RECYCLING DEPARTMENT - SAME

WHOOSH! The capsules tumble into a plastic HOPPER, a beat before Daxx and Comet race up and transform back. Daxx leans over the hopper's edge and looks down at Buzz, who's fuming.

BUZZ
Blastar, what is this?! You said you'd send us to Mister Kagoy!

DAXX
You had a great run, Buzz. But now it's time for a new Number One.

A nod, then Comet hits a BUTTON that starts the MACHINERY.

COMET
Sorry, Lightyear. It's not personal.

DAXX
It's just business.

Daxx tips the hopper, and as the three capsules roll onto the CONVEYOR LEADING TO THE SMASHER…

WOODY AND JESSIE (O.S)
Buzz…!

…h*ere comes the Round-Up Gang*, Jess and Woody sharing the saddle as BULLSEYE runs like Seabiscuit toward the Smasher.

BACK NEAR THE HOPPER—- Daxx and Comet duck into the shadows…

COMET
What factory did *those* cats come from?

…and as the trio flies by, all three GAPING at the SMASHER…

WOODY
What the HECK is that thing…?! Jess, Bullseye! Try to… unplug it!
(slips off side of saddle)
I'm going for Buzz!

Woody hits the ground running, leaps atop a box, then JUMPS across to the moving conveyor, where he slips and slides his way down the spinning, rods toward the pounding smasher.

WOODY
Hang on, buddy! I'll save ya!

He slips/slides toward Rosey and Jade, who bang on their capsules, trying to get out. No time to free them, so-- Woody SHOVES them off the side, their capsules BOUNCING and rolling across the floor. But as Woody chases down Buzz… SHWAP! A CLAMP springs out and pins Buzz's capsule down.

BUZZ
Woody-- look out!

Too late! *The same thing happens to Woody*, pinning him face-down on the speeding conveyor like a mouse caught in a trap! And as Jessie, Bullseye, and the other toys watch, agape…

Buzz knows it's all up to him now. He somehow summons the last of his strength and starts to KICKS at the end cap of his CAPSULE, increasing the intensity with every word.

BUZZ
Buzz… Lightyear… to… the… RESCUE…!

One last kick POPS IT OFF. Buzz crawls out, free but clearly weakened as he runs against the direction of the speeding conveyor, toward his still-pinned pal Woody, as behind him his capsule gets PULVERIZED by the smasher.

BUZZ
I'm coming Woody--!

WOODY
Forget me! Just save yourself!

Nothing doin'. Buzz dives, grabs the clamp pinning Woody—

BUZZ
I'll hold it up! You slip out!

--and as Buzz uses the absolute last ounce of his strength to pry the clamp up just enough for Woody to shimmy out…

WOODY (cont'd)
I'm clear! JUMP!

Woody rolls off the belt to the floor below. But as Buzz tries to follow-- THWAP! The CLAMP PINS HIS RIGHT LEG.

THE TOYS (WATCHING)
Oh no--!

Buzz dangles off the side of the belt, hanging by his pinned limb, and as he strains and squirms to free it and the smasher gets closer and the toys watch, paralyzed, wondering how in the heck Buzz is gonna get himself out of this one…

He doesn't. WHAM-SMASH-CRUNCH--! BUZZ'S LEG GETS SMASHED TO BITS! But now, with his leg gone, he's FREE, and as he DROPS to the factory floor and lands in a lifeless heap…

Jade, Rosey, and all of Andy's toys GASP, stunned…

THE TOYS
Buuuuzzzzz---!!!!

IN THE SHADOWS OF THE MACHINERY-- Comet turns to Daxx.

COMET
I'd say our work here's done.

DAXX
And our big debut awaits. Let's go!

And as they transform to cycle and sidecar and speed away…

BACK ON THE FLOOR-- the gang gathers somberly around Buzz, a heartbreaking sight now with his leg gone, the jagged stump protruding from his hip socket. As Buzz lies there, fading…

WOODY
Hang in there, partner…

JESSIE
…we're all here now, all your friends…

WOODY
Do you hear me, Buzz?

Suddenly, Buzz sits up, wide eyed and looking around, manic.

BUZZ
Nope, don't hear ya buzz at all, Woozy!

WOODY
Woozy…?

BUZZ
Maybe a little woozy… I'll be fine…

The toys trade worried looks. Jessie kneels beside him.

JESSIE
Course you will, buddy. Especially once we get you back home…

HAMM
…so you can be there, for Andy.

BUZZ
(remembering, wistful)
Randy… yes… must get home to Randy…

MR. POTATO HEAD
It’s Andy, Buzz.

BUZZ
Sandy, right… great little girl… kind of a tomboy… not that I’m judging…

And as he drifts off, his chin hitting chest…

JESSIE
(freaked, to Woody)
What the heck’s the matter with him?

HAMM
I think his chip’s finally failing…

WOODY
What does that mean…?

HAMM
Well, I’m not an expert on this particular subject, but I know this: if the memory chip goes, he’ll reset.

SLINKY DOG
You’ll mean he’ll lose his memory?

HAMM
Of you, of us, of Andy… of everything.

As they ponder that horrifying thought, Woody looks around. He spies a SIGN: *PARTS & SERVICE*. Then squints, determined.

WOODY
That’s not gonna happen.

SMASH CUT TO:

BUZZ, lying on a SKATEBOARD as it crashes through the door of the *PARTS DEPT.* like a gurney hitting the ER. Woody leads, three toys man each side, and as Bullseye pushes the rear…

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS-- they go to work. Hamm taps a company COMPUTER to print out a Buzz SCHEMATIC. Rex, P-Head and Slink scour various BINS for parts while RN’s Jade and Rosey ready a WORKBENCH as the O.R., laying out tools. Then Jess swings a LAMP into position and all of them move (the limp and unconscious) Buzz from the gurney to the “table” where…

Doctor Woody, working from the printed-out plans, uses a unique “torx” driver to extricate what’s left of Buzz’s old leg. Then Nurse Jade hands a NEW LEG to Woody, who adroitly attaches it to the socket. But now comes the hard part…

The torx driver removes more screws and his CHEST is opened, revealing such a MAZE of wires and circuits that they GASP. And there, deep down in the middle of it all… SITS THE CHIP.

Woody looks to the others, then sighs, anxious. This is it. But as he slowly reaches in to retrieve it, he realizes…

WOODY
There's no room. I can't reach it.

JESSIE
Nab-daggit! How do they expect anyone to get inside a space that small?!

SLINKY DOG
Yeah, you'd need hands the size of… of…

Suddenly, all the toys turn and look to…

REX
Oh no. No, no, no…!

HAMM
Paging Doctor Rex. Doctor T. Rex. Please report to the O.R., stat!

REX
Are you guys crazy? Look at me!
(holds up shaky hands)
I'm shaking just thinking about it!

JESSIE
You can do it Rex! It's just like that game you like to play, "Operation."

REX
But I SUCK at Operation! And this isn't a wrenched ankle or butterflies in the stomach, it's Buzz's life at stake here!

WOODY
But you're the only guy that can do it, Rex. And if you don't do it soon…

SLINKY DOG
…then for Buzz, it's Game Over.

Rex looks at Buzz. Takes a deep breath. Nods. He's in. He steps up, holding both his hands up like a surgeon being gloved. Then he turns them over, reaches a tiny hand in…

ZAP--! He gets a SHOCK, Buzz's red laser bulb flashing.

REX
Owww--!!

He pulls out, looks to the others. They nod encouragingly. So Rex reluctantly tries again, only this time his hand makes it past the wires, past a solenoid or two and then…

He reaches the chip! Rex whimpers, nervous, then slowly lifts the chip until he clears the last wire and IT'S OUT.

WHEW! Rex hands it to Hamm, who scans a TRAY OF NEW CHIPS until he finds the one that matches it exactly. He slaps the replacement chip into Dr. Rex's hand, and as the now-confident dinosurgeon smoothly and calmly installs it…

REX
It's in!

…the gathered toys whoop and hug each other, thrilled.

WOODY
Close him up, screw him shut, and let's see if we've still got our Buzz!

Seconds later, they've done just that and gather 'round their "dead" friend like Dwarves around Snow White. Then Woody reaches out, presses one of Buzz's chest buttons, and…

BUZZ (PRE-RECORDED)
I am Buzz Lightyear of Star Command!

Instantly, Buzz springs into a sitting position and looks around, brimming with radiance and energy and clearly ALIVE.

WOODY
Buzz…?

Buzz JUMPS UP, repeatedly firing his LASER at Woody.

BUZZ
Eat light, time-traveling gunslinger!

More laser blasts, then Buzz leaps back and taps the sticker of his WRIST COMMUNICATOR, all the while keeping an eye and his laser trained on Woody and all these other strangers.

BUZZ
Mission Log Stardate 4072: Still no sign of my ship as I find myself encircled by laser-proof aliens from the 19th Century American West, a lone Jurassic creature, something pink and porcine, two females of unknown origin, a canine that's ingested a spring, and a mustachioed mutant who appears to be in a persistent vegetative state.

MR. POTATO HEAD
Can we still put the old chip back in?

Woody and gang trade heartbroken looks.

JADE
He reset. He's in default mode.

JESSIE
Which means he's gone…

SLINKY DOG
Our Buzz is gone.

BUZZ
SILENCE! You are all prisoners of Galactic Star Command until I ascertain the location of my ship!

And as he starts to pace around, looking high and low and muttering info into his wrist communicator…

WOODY
Well, he'll never be our Buzz again, but at least we can all go home to Andy.

Jade and Rosey react, stunned.

JADE
You're leaving…? With Buzz?

ROSEY
But he said we'd all be fixed!

WOODY
Look, I don't know what the old Buzz told you, but the new Buzz has to get in a box and get back to our kid.

ROSEY
But what about my kid? The one who's still out there, waiting just for me?!

Buzz comes strolling back their way, still oblivious.

BUZZ
There a problem here, ladies?

JADE
YOU'RE the problem, Lightyear!

BUZZ
Sorry…?

JADE
Sorry's not good enough! You show up and give us all this false hope saying how we'll escape, and get fixed…

ROSEY
…and get a great kid, like your Andy!

BUZZ
Andy--?
(then, a faint recollection)
How do I know that name…?

WOODY
(suddenly buoyed)
Andy is our kid, Buzz! Our boy!

BUZZ
(squints at Woody, then)
"Our" boy? Like our son--?
(then, squinting, suspicious)
Are you saying you and me are… y'know… one of those "two Dad" families?

WOODY
We're not his Dads, Buzz! We're his toys! We *belong* to Andy!
(showing bottom of boot)
That's why his name's on our boots!

BUZZ
(check bottom of new boot)
There's nothing on my boot, stranger. And I think I'd KNOW if I were a "toy."
(steps back, laser out)
You people are freaking me out. Why are you here? What's your objective?

ROSEY
I just want to know what it's like…

BUZZ
What what's like?

ROSEY
That moment you described, back in the Recall Room. How it feels the very first time you leave your box…

JADE
…and it's just you and your kid… and you play together… and laugh… and just like that, you're very best friends. Then you said, "For a toy, there's…

BUZZ
(nods, remembering)
…no better feeling in the world.
(beat, looks to others now)
It's the reason we toys are here.

WOODY
Buzz…?

BUZZ
Woody…? Jessie…?

THE WHOLE GANG
BUZZ?!

BUZZ
Hamm, Potato Head, Slink, Bullseye--!
(then, turning)
Jade! Rosey!

THE WHOLE GANG
HE'S BACK! BUZZ IS BACK! YEAAAAH--!

Hugs, tears, and cheers all around. Woody beams at Buzz.

WOODY
So how you feeling, Commander?

BUZZ
Like new! Actually-- BETTER THAN NEW.

He pops his wings open and shut, karate chops, hits a button…

BUZZ (PRE-RECORD)
Buzz Lightyear, reporting for duty!
(whirls to Jade and Rosey)
And we've got to get you two fixed!

ROSEY/JADE
Yeaahh! Sweet!

MR. POTATO HEAD
(eyes a factory clock, 6:27)
Nice thought, Buzz, but we don't have time! If we're not in a box in half-an-hour, we don't beat Andy home!

BUZZ
But if I leave now then Jade, Rosey, and all the other Recall Room toys will never leave this factory! And neither will the Recalled Buzz Lightyears!
(whirls to Woody)
I've got a mission to finish, buddy. And I'm gonna need your help.

WOODY
You can count on me, pal. For infinity, and beyond.

They share a look. A team again. Then Woody whirls—-

WOODY (cont'd)
Hamm, print out another Fed-Ups label! Spud, Slink, Rex, Bullseye, get packing tape, bubble-wrap and a 2-Day box!

BUZZ
(whirls to Recall Toys)
Jade, Rosey, grab that MEMO and let's find the nearest transport tube! Jess, Wood, come with us, we'll all rendezvous in Shipping in t-minus 30! LET'S GO!

And as Jess'n'Woody follow Buzz/Jade/Rosey across the floor…

JESS
Go where?!

JADE
To see the man who founded this place…

Buzz leaps to the controls of the ATT. Scrolls to "Kagoy".

BUZZ
…about putting an end to smashing toys!

INT. OLD MAN KAGOY'S - THE OUTER OFFICE - SAME

Outside, ROTATING ARC-LIGHTS illuminate the night sky over the factory. An elderly SECRETARY jabs an intercom button.

SECRETARY (INTO INTERCOM)
6:30, Mr. K. Anything else before I go?

Across the room, behind a wood and glass DOOR that emenates a golden, ethereal glow, comes a tongue-in-cheek reply.

KAGOY (O.S., INTERCOM)
Yeah, what's with all the lights outside? Looks like a prison break.

SECRETARY
There's a big party tonight. They're unveiling some new action figure.

And as she pulls a coat on and grabs her purse…

KAGOY (O.S., INTERCOM)
Party, eh? Nice of the suits to invite me. These kids today got no manners…

SECRETARY
(smiles, shakes her head)
See you tomorrow, Mr. Kagoy.

She turns off her desk lamp, and a BEAT after she leaves… WHOOSH-WHOOSH-WHOOSH! A series of capsules hit her ATT box.

Buzz is first out, kicking his cap off with one blow and freeing Woody. Then they quickly release the others and eye the office door, where a light's on and a shadow is moving.

BUZZ
He's here…!
(turns, sotto to Jade)
Let's slip the memo under his door…!

Jade walks up with the Memo, but as she brushes past Rosey…

ROSEY
Oooh, I can barely contain myself!

WHUMP! Rosey IGNITES and *so does the memo…!* CHAOS ENSUES as the toys rush to save it, Jess and Buzz stomping on it, Jade and Woody blowing on it, and as they bang around trying to get what-once-was-the-memo into a metal trashcan…

OLD MAN KAGOY (O.S.)
Dolores? You still there?

…they do a quick flop'n'freeze as MR. KAGOY steps through his doorway. He's a small man, amer-asian, with a long grey ponytail, beard, granny glasses, and wearing a tie-dye tee-shirt under suspenders. Think Gepetto meets Jerry Garcia.

Kagoy's eyes brighten as he spies the toys.

OLD MAN KAGOY
Far out! Who sent me visitors?!
(looks around, shrugs, then)
Whatev! Welcome, friends! And do I see familiar faces? Like my old buddy Buzz, and little Cozy Rosey, and—- NO WAY! The Round-Up Gang! I haven't seen you two dudes since I was a kid!

He gathers them all up, clutching them to his chest.

OLD MAN KAGOY (cont'd)
C'mon! We'll hang a while, reminisce.

INT. KAGOY'S FUNKED-OUT OFFICE - SAME

Picture Gepetto's workshop with a mystical Far-East hippy vibe. The walls are covered with sketches of toys and photos of Kagoy through the years, posing with his creations.

He lays the toys down on his drafting table/desktop. Then he takes Woody in one hand and Jess in the other.

OLD MAN KAGOY
Sheriff Woody and Calamity Jess…! What brings you two cowpokes all the way from the rolling hills of Adventure Ranch to the crowded streets of Taipei?

He pauses, as if awaiting a reply. Then pulls Woody's cord.

WOODY (PRE-RECORD)
You're my favorite Deputy!

OLD MAN KAGOY
And you're my favorite Sheriff! But you must be here for a reason. Hmm…?

He lowers his glasses on his nose, stares over 'em at Woody.

OLD MAN KAGOY (cont'd)
No? All righty, then I'll rap with my old Buzz. What's up, space cowboy?

BUZZ (PRE-RECORD)
Hostile forces have invaded Sector 14!

OLD MAN KAGOY
(staring down Buzz, serious)
Knock it off, Lightyear. It's ME, your creator. The guy who dreamt up you, Zurg, Star Command, *heck*, your entire universe started in my little universe, right up inside here.

And as he taps a finger to his grey-haired temple…

Buzz's fixed gaze begins to fade, until Buzz slowly turns his face toward Kagoy and looks his creator right in the eye.

BUZZ
Mr. Kagoy, sir, we need your help.

Kagoy doesn't miss a beat.

OLD MAN KAGOY
Now you're talking, Buzz. What's up?

And as Woody shoots Jessie a look (*What the*?!)--

INT. WOCKA-WOCKA FACTORY - RECEIVING - MOMENTS LATER

Buzz and gang share the front seat with Kagoy as he races a Cushman past the fully-operating SMASHER. And even though it's not currently killing toys, Kagoy looks mad, stunned.

KAGOY
I can't believe it! I built this factory to make toys, not to…
(can't even say it)
Oh, this is SO wrong.

They stop at the head of the conveyor, where Kagoy eyes that metaphorical SEA OF BOXES, each filled with a recalled Buzz.

KAGOY (cont'd)
And all these boxes here…?

Jade uses her KNEE to slice open a box, a BUZZ popping out.

JADE
All Buzz's, headed for the scrap heap.

KAGOY
No, no, no!!! Any broken toy that can possibly be fixed *should be fixed*!

ROSEY/JADE
Any toy? Even archived recalls?

KAGOY
Any toy and every toy! You fix it, ship it, and get it to a kid!
Otherwise, why make toys at all?!

Jade and Rosey trade grins, and hugs.

JADE
We were hoping you'd say that…!

KAGOY
Jade, honey, I'm just warming up.
C'mon! We've got a party to crash!

EXT. WOCKA-WOCKA FACTORY - COURTYARD/ATRIUM - NIGHT

It's a party all right, no expense spared. There's catering, live music, guys in Buzz and Zurg suits passing trays and pouring drinks to hundreds of employees and their kids, toy buyers, Headless Execs, and various MEDIA covering the event.

ON ONE END OF THE PARTY-- hidden behind a velvet CURTAIN--

Two EXECS ready DAXX AND COMET for their big unveiling, placing each of them on a ROTATING, SPOTLIT PEDESTAL, Daxx center-stage, Comet on a slightly lower ped beside him. And as one of the Execs talks into a walky-talky HEADSET…

CLEAR ACROSS THE ROOM-- another headsetted Exec using a Mac rigged to a LIGHT/SOUND BOARD, clicks "START SEQUENCE", and…

ALL OVER THE ROOM, TECHNO-MUSIC booms from speakers. MIRROR BALLS spin. FOG MACHINES billow. LASERS pulse to the beat, then form a FLOATING HOLOGRAPH of the Wocka-Wocka logo.

The crowd "oohs"-- it's all quite spectacular-- and as the music peaks and hidden PROPANE-JETS IGNITE and frame a PODIUM with mushrooming, Wizard-of-Oz-like columns of FLAME…

A SPOT hits a PODIUM, music fades to b.g., and the Head Exec appears to the CHEERS of the enthusiastic, blown-away crowd.

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
Welcome, Wocka-Wocka shareholders, personnel, invited guests, and media.

A FAMILIAR VOICE (O.S.)
DAXX BLASTAR! OWW! DAXX! DAXX! DAXX!

IN THE CROWD-- why, it's AL OF AL'S TOY BARN, wearing a bad toupee and chicken-print Hawaiian shirt as he holds a lit lighter in the air and continues the "OWW! DAXX!" chant.

AL
We want Daxx! Bring it on!

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
(smiles, but clearly annoyed)
In a moment, Mr. Stoybarn. First I need to address the Buzz Recall issue.

AL
(muttering, pouty)
Recall-Shmecall… I wanna see Daxx…

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
(ignores him, to TV cameras)
As you know, a chip defect led to the recall of a million Lightyear dolls.

A FEW FEET FROM THE PODIUM-- Woody boosts Jessie, who shimmies up a LIGHTSTAND toward the SPOT mounted on top.

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC (cont'd)
And after analyzing the situation, we at Wocka-Wocka came up with a real "win-win" solution. Rather than *replace* every Recalled Buzz sent here…

SUDDENLY, the SPOTLIGHT SWINGS from the Executive over to:

KAGOY
…we're gonna FIX 'em all instead!

EXCITED WALLA as the CROWD reacts to the sight of the icon.

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
Kagoy? What are you doing?!

KAGOY
I'm POOPING your party, Mr. President!
Well, me and my li'l friends that is.

He whips a radio-control REMOTE out of his pocket, extends the antenna, and as he hits a button and flips a switch…

A HANDFUL OF BUZZ DOLLS RACE INTO THE ROOM "driving" those brand-new SPACE-RANGER-ROVERS. And as Kagoy pretends to steer the daredevil-drivers around the room, zooming past people and objects in tight, single-file formation…

The crowd reacts to Kagoy's (apparent) driving skill, unaware, of course, that the toys are doing it themselves.

GUESTS (AD-LIB)
Cool! Wow! How's he doing that?

And as (zoom-zoom-zoom!) the wheeled acrobatics continue…

KAGOY
(continuing, to crowd)
When I started this company, it wasn't about making money! It was about making TOYS-- for kids who love 'em and love to play with 'em, just like I do!

SCREECH--! Team Buzz skids to a halt at his feet. Kagoy reaches down and pulls the closest Buzz to him from his car.

KAGOY (cont'd)
Take this Buzz here, sent to us by…
(flips it, reads name on foot)
…a boy named "Zoltan"…
(grabs another, reads name)
…or this one shipped to us by "Pedro"…
(and another)
…or this Buzz, who belongs to…

This Buzz happens to be OUR BUZZ. He WINKS at Kagoy.

KAGOY (cont'd)
…a sweet kid named ANDY. Well, guess what? Andy doesn't want a *replacement*!
He wants this Buzz-- his FRIEND Buzz--
to be fixed and sent back home, not DESTROYED by some TOY-SMASHING MACHINE!

The crowd GASPS. Even Al looks disturbed.

AL
They're smashing toys?

ACROSS THE ROOM-- BEHIND THE CURTAIN-- Daxx is not happy.

DAXX
What's going on over there?!

BACK TO KAGOY-- still playing to the crowd and cameras.

KAGOY
So to ALL you kids who own our toys, a promise: Whether it's broken, or missing a part, even if it's been RECALLED-- send it in and we will FIX IT and ship it back because that's what we at Wocka-Wocka are all about!

THE CROWD CHEERS, cameras FLASH, and as the convoy of Buzz's in Ranger-Rovers takes off again, dazzling the crowd…

HEADLESS FEMALE EXEC
That crazy old hippy! He can't just change company policy like that!

ANOTHER HEADLESS EXEC
He just did. And when our shareholders hear we were smashing little kids' toys…

HEADLESS HEAD EXEC
…we're all in some deep Wocka-Wocka.

ON THE SIDELINES-- Kagoy kneels to meet up with Buzz'n'Woody.

BUZZ
Mister Kagoy, sir… thank you.

KAGOY
Thank <u>you</u>, for clueing me in, asking for help. That's not the easiest thing for you macho action heroes.

BUZZ
Roger that. And next time I find myself needing a little back-up, I know just the guy I should turn to.

He turns to Woody, who nods warmly back. But before it gets sappy, Jess zips up and skids to a halt in her Ranger-Rover.

JESSIE
Guys--! We are fighting the clock!

KAGOY
Yeah, you goota beat your boy home. Good luck, friends! And don't forget…
(sotto, winks)
…we never spoke.

With that, he turns and wades into the adoring crowd. Buzz and Woody hop in their awaiting Ranger Rovers…

WOODY
C'mon gang, we got us a box to catch!

As they take off, racing and weaving through the party, a "Shaft" like SONG BOOMS from speakers ("Daxx! Can Ya Dig It?") followed by fog, lasers, and a PRE-RECORDED PREAMBLE.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(very James Earl Jones)
From far beyond infinity and beyond comes a new generation of Space Ranger…

AL
This is it! Daxx Blastar!

HE DOUBLE-TAKES as Woody and Jessie blow by in the Rovers. As he thinks about it, gives a "Nah" and resumes HOOTING…

BEHIND THE CURTAIN—- TWO SPOTS hit the two toys' pedestals.

COMET
Finally--! Our big moment's arrived!

DAXX
For the last time, you shabby tabby, this isn't "our" moment, it's MINE! I'm the next big thing in action figures! I'm the one who'll have parents camping in front of stores and rioting in the aisles to get their hands on me! And come December 26th, when I'M the best-selling toy in Wocka-Wocka history, YOU will be buried beneath boxes of stale candy canes and cut-rate-Christmas wrap in the Bargain Bin of a 99-Cent store!

But as Comet blinks, stunned-- WOODY, JESS, AND BUZZ race by in the b.g., heading for the exit. That is, until Buzz SEES…

BUZZ
BLASTAR--!

He pulls up alongside Jess and Woody…

BUZZ
Minor detour--! PAYBACK TIME.

…VEERS OFF and races behind the curtain, heading for Daxx.

DAXX
(turns and squints, stunned)
Lightyear?! What're you doing here?

BUZZ
Sorry, Blastar. It's not business.

He grins as he GUNS straight for Daxx's pedestal.

BUZZ
It's just personal.

DAXX
Nooooo---!!!

BAM! Buzz NAILS the stand and SENDS DAXX FLYING ASS-OVER-TEACUPS into one of his own standees, which domino's into another, and another, and as Daxx is BURIED in Daxx debris and Buzz whips a screeching 180 and chases after Wood'n'Jess…

The music PEAKS, crowd ROARS, and CURTAIN OPENS to reveal--

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
…Commander Daxx Blastar!!!

COMET-- *ONLY COMET*-- staring atop his rotating spotlit pedestal like a deer caught in headlights. The Crowd GASPS.

AL
Daxx… is a CAT?

REPORTER BESIDE HIM
Didn't see that coming.

A MOM standing beside them GRINS ear-to-ear.

HER MOM
Finally, an action figure for GIRLS!

HER LITTLE GIRL
I LOVE him! WANT him! Gotta HAVE HIM!

AL
It's BRILLIANT! What's the max order?
Gimme as many Daxx Cats as you got!

The crowd RUSHES surges toward the stage. Comet, rotating away from them on his pedestal, spies the half-buried Daxx…

COMET
Enjoy that bargain bin, Blastar.

And as he WHISKED AWAY by the "Daxx" chanting crowd…

DAXX
Lightyeaeeeeearrrrr!

He MORPHS TO A MOTORCYCLE, BURNS RUBBER, SPINS FREE of the debris, rights himself, and as he SPEEDS AWAY AFTER BUZZ…

INTERCUT BETWEEN BUZZ AND DAXX - RACING THROUGH THE FACTORY

Daxx catches sight of Buzz-- but instead of following, he turns and takes a shortcut, to head him off at the pass.

Buzz zips by a wall CLOCK: 6:54. No worries, he's got time.

Daxx accelerates, wheelies, hits a ramp and SOARS through the air WHERE HE TRANSFORMS BACK TO HUMAN FORM before landing near a SWITCH, which he smacks and POWERS UP--

AN ASSEMBLY LINE, its robot arms and conveyors moving in synch until a brand new DAXX rolls into a bin, followed by ANOTHER and ANOTHER and as Daxx grins and TRANSFORMS again…

Buzz spies a sign: "Shipping & Receiving →" He turns, zips across the floor toward a connecting DOORWAY, and…

A CYCLE approaching from the opposite direction SKIDS to a halt in his path. Buzz hits the brakes, then GAWKS as the black'n'silver bike transforms again into a seething mad…

BUZZ
…Daxx…!

DAXX
You could've gone home to your kid, Buzz! Could've called it a day! But NO, you had to hang around and *ruin mine!* Well one "buzz kill" deserves another, Lightyear! You may have taken me down… but I am taking you OUT.

BUZZ
You and whose army, Blastar?

DAXX
Mine.

A cycle rolls into frame behind him, followed by another, and another, and as Daxx grins and Buzz starts to look worried…

INT. FACTORY - SHIPPING DEPT. LOADING DOCK - SAME

…so do Hamm, Potato, Slink, Rex, Rosey and Jade, waiting by a Fed-Ups box addressed to Andy atop a CONVEYOR BELT leading to LOADING DOCK CHUTE that's marked "FED-UPS PACKAGES ONLY."

REX
(eyeing a clock: 6:55)
Oh, I can't stand it! Why do we always have to cut it so CLOSE?

SLINKY DOG
(the calm yin to his yang)
Here they come.

They CHEER as Woody and Jess race their Rovers 'round a corner, but the moment's short-lived as they all realize…

JADE/ROSEY
Uh-oh. Where's Buzz?!

Jess and Woody park and hop out.

JESSIE
Don't worry, he'll be here!

MR. POTATO HEAD
Whaddya mean he'll be here? That truck's coming in five minutes!

REX
What if something's happened to him?

WOODY
Hey, this is *Buzz* we're talking about.

JESSIE
The brand-new Buzz. He'll be fine!

INT. SOMEWHERE ON THE FACTORY FLOOR - SAME

BUZZ
Wooooooddeeeeeee-----!!!!

Like a scene from a western, Buzz races across the wide-open factory floor as HUNDREDS OF DAXX MOTORCYCLES chase his ass.

He takes a CORNER… finds himself racing through "PARTS". Up ahead—- an IDEA. WHAM--! He SIDESWIPES a stack of BOXES which TOPPLE AND SPILL HUNDREDS OF DOLL-EYES ON THE FLOOR.

THE PURSUING DAXX-CYCLES
(swerving, skidding, crashing)
Woah--! Look out--! Eye-yi-yi--!

There's a huge PILE-UP, buying Buzz some time. But as he flies through some automatic doors (marked "To Receiving")…

BUZZ
So long, suckers--!

INT. RECEIVING DEPT. - CONTINUOUS

…he SWERVES to avoid some BUZZ DOLLS and CRASHES into that SEA OF BOXES. And as the Buzz's quickly dig out our Buzz…

BUZZ
What are you guys doing here?!

SOME OTHER BUZZ
Well, after the babe with the bad knee cut open my box, I freed that Buzz…

ANOTHER BUZZ
…who freed him, who freed him… (etc.)

As the explanation-chain continues, Buzz looks and sees the SEA OF BOXES is now a SEA OF BUZZ'S, FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.

SOME OTHER BUZZ
(to Buzz, curious)
Why do you ask?

SMASH CUT TO A WAR-CRY as the DOORS hiss open and HUNDREDS of Buzz meet hundreds of Daxx in a BATTLE ROYALE SEQUENCE:

--The fighting's intense. Mano-a-mano. Black vs. white.
--Daxx dolls fire pellets; Buzz dolls karate-chop 'em away.
--Winged Buzz's dive-bomb their foes from atop their boxes.
--Humanoid Daxx ride motorcyle-Daxx into battle.
--Some Buzz's fight from Rovers using NEW BUZZ WEAPONS.

But then, in the middle of it all, somebody SCREAMS--

SOME TOY (O.S.)
HUUUMAN!!!

--and 1,000 BATTLING TOYS do a massive flop'n'freeze as—
A TINY JANITOR enters the room, broom in hand. He eyes the messy floor, covered wall-to-wall WITH DAXX AND BUZZ's…

ASIAN JANITOR
No WAY I'm cleaning this up.

…and as he backs up and shuts the door… the BATTLE RESUMES.

DOWN IN THE MAYHEM-- a Buzz turns to our Buzz, in his Rover.

SOME OTHER BUZZ
Get going, Buzz! We'll hold 'em off!

BUZZ TO BUZZ
Godspeed, Buzz Lightyear!

Buzz guns his Rover and takes off, not noticing as he passes… DAXX, who head-butts a Buzz, MORPHS TO A CYCLE and pursues.

INT. SHIPPING DEPT. - LOADING DOCK - SAME

The clock they've been watching clicks over to 7:00.
Rosey, at a window, sees a FED-UPS truck heading their way.

ROSEY
Here it comes!

MR. POTATO HEAD
Great-- for *once* they're on time!

JADE
(pointing o.s.)
There here is…!

They CHEER as Buzz rounds a corner and races their way.

WOODY
Quick! Get into the box!

But as they start to hop in and sink down in foam peanuts, Woody sees the SHIPPING LABEL on the box and nearly FAINTS.

SLINKY
Hamm-- that's Andy's OLD ADDRESS! The one they had before they moved!

HAMM
(eyes it, gapes)
Aaah! You're right, I totally spaced!

WOODY
Quick! Get outta the box!

They hop out, PULL the worthless box off the belt, and as they run around like a Chinese firedrill to find another…

ON THE FACTORY FLOOR-- Daxx races right up alongside Buzz, his cycle-seat now his head and a raging, evil FACE.

BAM! He SWERVES and BASHES Buzz, who SIDESWIPES A WALL. Buzz grits his teeth, cranks his wheel and BASHES him back. And as they trade BLOWS and continue to race to the Dock…

Jess fills out a new label, Woody and Hamm build the new box, and as the others rush up with handfuls of foam peanuts…

BACK TO BUZZ AND DAXX, racing side-by-side toward the Dock. But as the stronger Daxx BOXES BUZZ IN and it looks like Buzz will crash head-on into an imposing cement column--

DAXX
It's over, Lightyear--!

Buzz hits a button and *POPS HIS WINGS OUT*, KNOCKING DAXX OFF BALANCE AND OFF-COURSE and as Buzz nails the brakes…

Daxx HITS A RAMP AND SOARS, CARTWHEELING, OUT OF CONTROL…

DAXX
Aaaaaahh…!!!

…BEFORE HE LANDS HEAD-FIRST WITH A STYROFOAM SPLASH INSIDE—

THE BOX. The empty one, that is, with the old Andy address. Buzz races up, hops out and CLOSES ALL THE FLAPS, turning the peanut-buried Daxx's ramblings into muffled SCREAMS.

BUZZ
One Daxx Blastar, ready for shipping!

WOODY
And I know just the place too…!

Woody, Sharpee in hand, changes "20 Elm St." to "**22** Elm St", and as he crosses out "ANDY DAVIS" and writes ANOTHER NAME…

ROSEY
Who's… "Sid"?

BUZZ
Andy's old neighbor.

WOODY
He's gonna have a BLAST with Daxx.

THE OTHERS (O.S.)
C'mon! Hurry up! Let's go---!

THE OTHERS ARE IN A NEW BOX already on the conveyor, and as Buzz, Woody, and Jessie chase it down and hop inside…

Jade and Rosey (sealing tape in hand) run alongside it, saying their goodbyes in classic movie fashion.

ROSEY
Goodbye, Buzz. I'll miss you!

BUZZ
I'll miss you too, Rosey!

Jade suddenly JUMPS in the box. Buzz turns to her, stunned.

BUZZ
Jade! What're you doing?!

JADE
Hey Lightyear, I know you're mostly a hero to boys, but just so you know…

She pulls Buzz in close for his first big-screen KISS.

JADE (cont'd)
…you're <u>my</u> hero too. Thanks, spaceman.

She spins and hops out, and as Buzz falls back into the foam…

REX
Wow! Ever had a kiss like that before?

BUZZ
(smiles, still dizzy from it)
Not that I… *recall*.

JADE/ROSEY
Bon voyage! Have fun with your kid!

WOODY
And you have fun with *yours*.

He ducks, Jade shuts the flaps, Rosey tapes 'em, and as they reach the end of the chute and drop from sight, MUSIC BEGINS…

"You Got A Friend In Me." And as a FED-UPS JET wings by the twinkling skyline of TAIPEI, the lyrics begin, in *Chinese*…

EXT. THE DAVIS HOME - 8,000 MILES LATER

…and carry over as a FED-UPS BOX hits the front steps, the driver heads for his truck, and as BO, MRS. P-H, etc. watch this from Andy's bedroom window…

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

…the RESCUERS (using a dangling kite tail) enter the room to a HERO'S WELCOME as they're SWARMED by happy, CHEERING TOYS.

BO greets Woody with a kiss, as does Mr. Spud the wife and kids, and as the remaining B-List welcomes back the A-List…

ALL THE TOYS gather round BUZZ, relieved and thrilled he's home, the stoic spaceman straining to maintain his machismo.

AT THE WINDOW-- Lenny yells as the DAVIS FAMILY pulls into the drive. Woody and Buzz flop side-by-side on Andy's desk, Woody putting his "ANDY" boot right next to Buzz's new blank one, and as BO uses a marker to create an expert forgery…

POT THE MUSIC DOWN as, seconds later, Andy bursts in and finds his room just as he left it. And his three best toys.

ANDY
Woody! Jessie! BUZZ!

He picks up Buzz and hits a button for a little *convo*.

BUZZ (PRE-RECORD)
Engineering, I need a status report!

ANDY
Oh, our field trip rocked! I got to ride horses, shoot a bow & arrow--!
(beat)
And 'member how you accidentally scratched me? All the guys said it made me look like a total PIRATE. Aarrrggh!

And as Andy the ADD Poster Boy flies Buzz around the room once before dropping him on the bed and bolting out again…

Buzz, Jess, and Woody move to the front window and watch as Andy runs out to play with Molly and Mom sits on the steps, sorting a week's worth of mail. Buzz heaves a sigh, smiles.

BUZZ
Sure feels good to be back.

JESSIE
That's the best thing about traveling. Makes you appreciate being home again.

WOODY
Yeah, but there's nothing like an adventure to keep life interesting. Halfway around the world, out of your element, a stranger in a strange land—we action figures live for that stuff.

JESSIE
(turns to him, dubious)
Really. Huh, see I thought you were stressed the whole time, all pressured out and panicky and dying to get home.

WOODY
Were we on the same trip?

BUZZ
Well pal, it's nice to know if you had to, you'd do it all over again.

WOODY
For you, Buzz? In a heartbeat.

ANDY (O.S.)
Hey Mom--! Guess what?!!

OUTSIDE—- Andy holds a letter and torn WOCKA-WOCKA envelope.

ANDY
Something's wrong with Buzz! We gotta send him off to CHINA!

IN THE WINDOW—- Woody shoots Buzz a look (OH NO--!) and we…

FADE TO BLACK. Then, as “You’ve Got A Friend In Me” pots up and continues to play, in a MEDLEY OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES…

ROLL CREDITS as the FIXED RECALLED TOYS-- Jujubee Bee, Spike the Dog, Slide-Whistle, dozens of Buzz’s and, lastly, **JADE AND ROSEY**, get opened and LOVED by kids around the World.

THE END